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**Civil and Military Gazette**  
**ANNUAL 1936**





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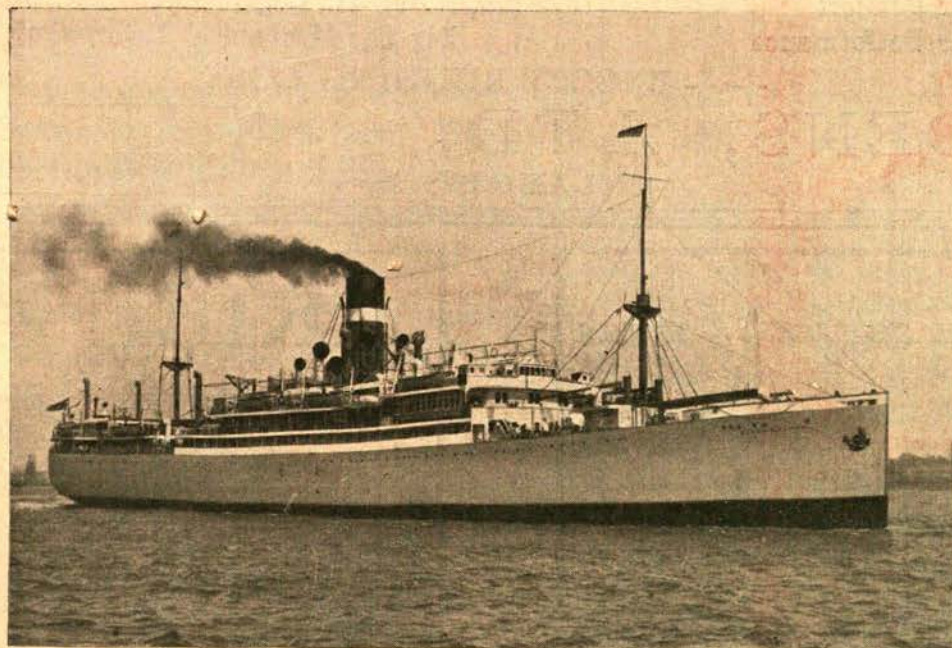


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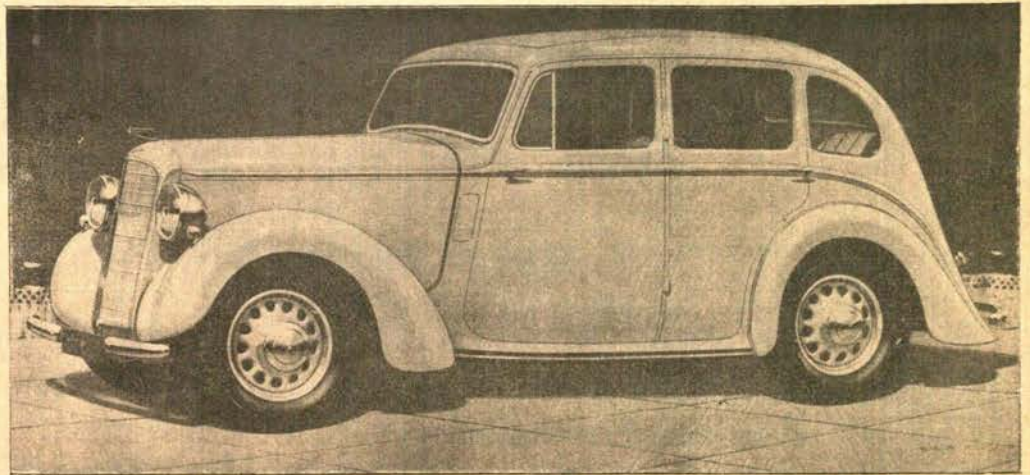
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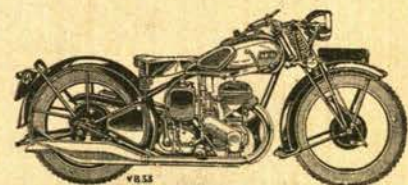
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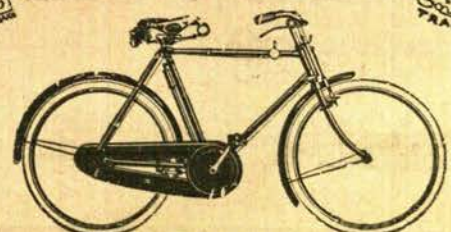
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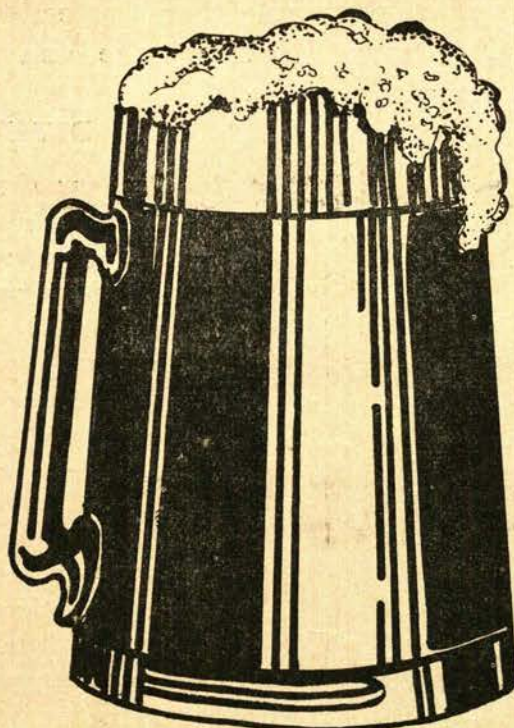


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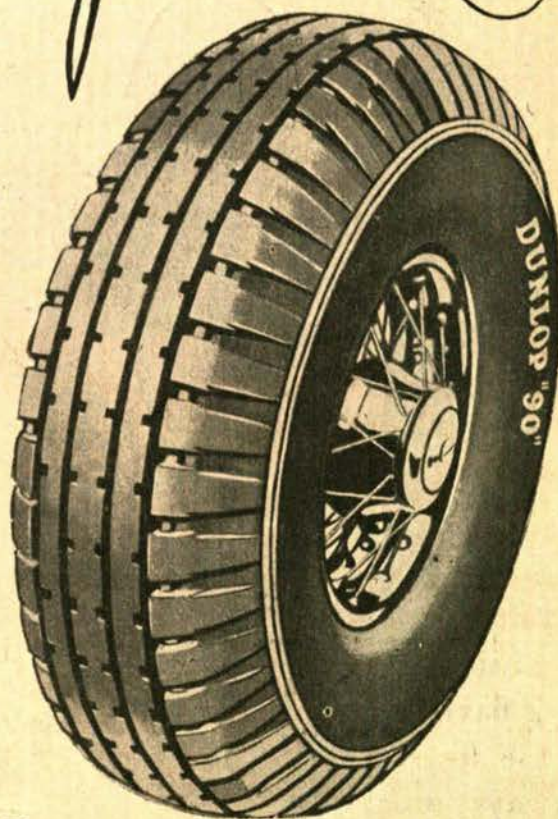
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# THE CIVIL & MILITARY GAZETTE ANNUAL, 1936



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# FOREWORD

By The Editor

THE *Annual* which *The Civil and Military Gazette* issued last year was in the nature of an experiment, but the reception accorded it left no possible doubt of our readers' appreciation of the experiment and no apology is therefore needed for the appearance of our second *Annual*. Once again we have endeavoured to mingle grave and gay in the stories and articles which we present to our readers and the whole collection may not unjustly lay claim to the epithet "seasonable" in that the associations of the Christmas season have not been forgotten, without being obtruded overmuch. Our purpose will have been fulfilled if the *Annual* provides acceptable holiday reading for the Christmas season.

The historic link with Mr. Rudyard Kipling is one of the proudest memories of *The Civil and Military Gazette* and we consider ourselves fortunate in being able to draw on the store of Kipling embedded in our old files for our opening story. "The Mystification of Santa Claus" is a very characteristic piece of Kipling writing and all lovers of the master's work will welcome this opportunity of reading this example of his early style. It is a striking proof of the wealth of imagination which Mr. Kipling brought to all his journalistic work.

The Kipling era in the Army in India is also recalled by the reminiscences of a soldier's life in the 'eighties which "Centurion" contributes. His vivid picture of the voyage to India in those days and his vignettes of the men to be met with in the Army of the 'eighties rather make one doubt whether General Romer deserved all the hard things that were said of him for referring to the "beer-swilling" soldiers of the "Soldiers Three" era. There is also a reminiscent note in the article, "The City of Two Creeds," which gives a lively description of Moharram celebrations and alarms in Lahore a good many years ago and serves to remind us that communal tension is not altogether a novelty in the provincial capital.

Historic events of a much earlier day are touched upon in the sketch of Alexander the Great's career and his invasion of India, while Mr. Charles Grey, an acknowledged expert on the history of the Pirates of the Eastern Seas, throws some new light on the doings of those unsavoury gentry. The stories included in our collection hardly need any introduction and it is sufficient to say that they are as varied in their appeal as the most exacting holiday reader can require.



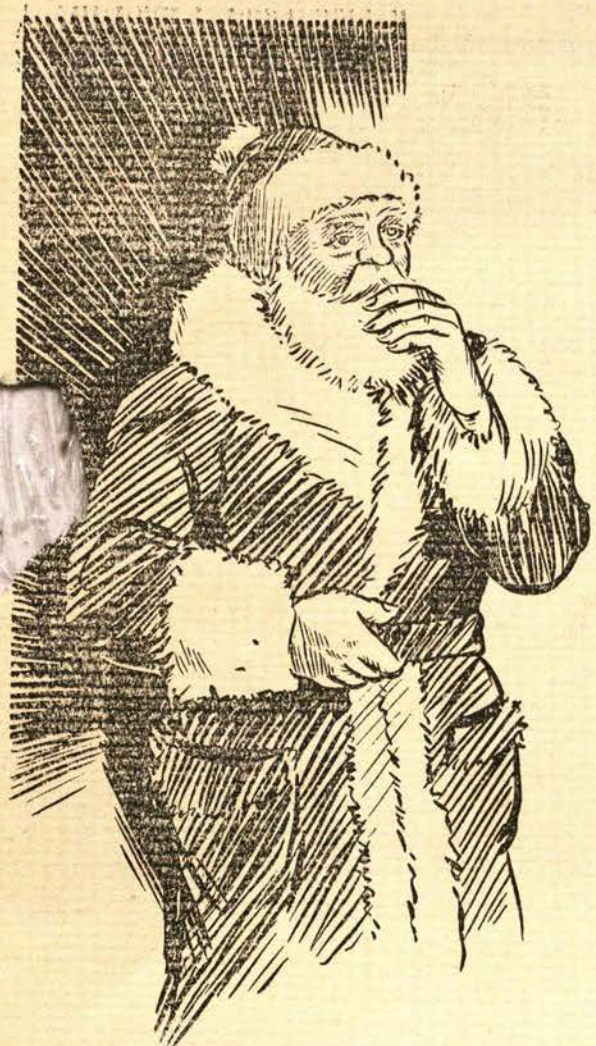




*An Oil Painting by R. L. Lekhi*

AT CLOSE OF DAY





# The Mystification of Santa Claus

Lights." Just then a wolf howled, and this set the deer off faster than ever, southward and eastward across the Kirghiz steppes. "There ought to be Christmas twice a week," thought Santa Claus, "to keep these brutes in order." The parcels were flying about like hot peas, and Santa Claus had only one hand free for the reins; so the deer did pretty much what they liked. They had eaten the green moss at the foot of the Rjica Vom, and drunk the glacier-water that comes from the crest of the Rjica Vom for a twelve month; and every body knows how that puts strength into cattle.

Once the sleigh bumped horribly on the Altai Mountains; once it cracked a runner on the snow-glazed rocks of the Hindu Kush, and once it nearly bounded on to the rear wheeler's back coming down the Takht-i-Suleiman. "The roads are infamous hereabout," said Santa Claus breathlessly, as the Golden Sleigh whizzed over the sands of the Indus, "I should really like to know where I am." Santa Claus' knowledge of geography was limited, but presently, as the reindeer trotted on through the heart of a big cantonment, Santa Claus saw by the light of the headlamps, a broken toy-cart of German manufacture lying near a masonry gate-post.

"If there are little children here," said Santa Claus cheerily, "all is well. I had better distribute the presents, and hold over my northern circuit till another day; or get St. Christopher to take over my duties." He jumped out and began, as was his regular custom, to make his way down the chimney of a big white four-square house—it was the Commissioner's as a matter of fact—landing feet first in a huge, white-washed room with a small cot in the centre. In the cot was a pale little boy about seven years old, with a fretful expression on his face, and big dark rings round his eyes. Santa Claus felt sorry for him, because he looked so lonely, and moved, therefore, to the foot of the bed to fill the boy's stocking. Only the stocking was nowhere to be found, and as he had forgotten to blow on the child's eyes, the little one awoke. He stared at Santa Claus and then said imperiously:

"Tum kon ho?"



**W**HEN reindeer get their heads free and bolt, there is no controlling them; because, you see, they pull from their horns. Santa Claus' team had, through sheer freshness

for they had been in stable for twelve months' past—shied at the Northern Lights behind Copenhagen, wheeled round through Finland, and so bolted straight across European Russia before Santa Claus could get a pull on them.

Now Hans Anderson, and one or two other writers in America and the North of Europe, had made Santa Claus the great power he was. So he kept, as a rule, to the place where he had been created and where every one knew and loved him. But those reckless reindeer had dragged him hundreds and hundreds of miles out of his course; and he puffed and blew in the sleigh all alone under the stars somewhere on the wrong side of the Ural Mountains with the noses of his team—the eight big white reindeer—pointing full across the Kirghiz Steppes.

"This is a bad business," said Santa Claus, looking at the jumbled pile of presents in the sleigh. "I must steer back to the Northern

by  
**RUDYARD  
KIPLING**





Santa Claus nodded and smiled, not knowing the language, but afraid the child might be frightened. But he was not. He sat bolt upright in his bed, eyeing Santa Claus with great disfavour and said :

“Jawab do ? kon ho tum ?”

“For an English child who ought to have read Hans Anderson, he speaks a singularly queer tongue,” thought Santa Claus. But he smiled still more, and showing the pile of presents in his arms, said as gently as he knew how : “Don’t be afraid butchen, I’m Santa Claus. Don’t you know me ?” To this the child, seeing that his visitor had no vernacular, made answer slowly and in English : “I is not afraid. My papa are a Commissioner. If you is a Boxwalla, this house is shut. We do not want things. My mama is asleep. If you do not go jut-put I will call my servants and they will puckerao you. Now go !”

You might have knocked Santa Claus down with a feather. “Good gracious, baby !” he gasped, “is it possible that you do not know Santa Claus—Saint Nicholas ? I carry presents for children—good children—and a birch for bad boys.” Here he shook the big birch he always carried in a threatening way. The child was not impressed. He returned to his pillow and his vernacular, speaking with his eyes shut : “Bahut accha, shayad khalassi, ho, shayad mehter ho ; lekin abi kamra mut saf karo. Sat bajai ao. Mi soijaiga iswaqt.” Then he turned over on his side.

Santa Claus sat down on the floor in a heap with his parcels. Words could not express what was in his mind just then. Presently he got up very slowly and sorrowfully, and began to climb up the chimney. But his heart was heavy, and the soot got into his eyes, and a survivor of the summer wasps, who had crept into the chimney for the sake of warmth, stung him badly. He sat upon the roof shaking his head. “Good heavens ! What fearful depravity !” he muttered. “I wonder who the abandoned little wretch took me for.” He was thinking of the boy, not the wasp.

Then he got into his sledge and trotted drearily up and down the roads looking for someone else he could visit ; for he had arrived at the conclusion that the little boy was mad. He was not altogether successful in his work. The Assistant Commissioner’s little daughter, aged five, set up a most lamentable howl as he came down the chimney, and cried “Chor ! Chor !” So Santa Claus had to retire with undignified haste. The D. S. P.’s son, aged four, received him with a yell of delight and asked him to fetch in the baloo and “nautch karo ek dum.” Santa Claus didn’t know what balooing or nautch karoing was, but he fancied it was something derogatory to his dignity, and retired in a huff.

Then he made an awful discovery, which inclined him to believe that the reindeer had somehow or other run him right off the surface of the globe into another and much worse place. There were only



three English children in that station! He went everywhere, but the Commissioner's son, and the Assistant Commissioner's daughter, and the D. S. P.'s son were all he could find. Then he lashed the reindeer into a gallop and visited scores of other stations. Sometimes he found four, or five or eight children, but more usually none at all—except little bits of babies under three years old, and they didn't count.

"This is no fit place for the likes of me," said Santa Claus ruefully. "I've been treated with scorn and disrespect in my old age. Told to jao and nautch and boxwalla myself, whatever that means! I believe there are only change-lings in this part of the world. If it is a part of the world!"

After a time the night air sobered him down and he remembered how all old people, the grandfathers and grandmothers of the children, took an interest in him for the sake of the little folk. "I must stretch a point in their favour," said Santa Claus, "and look them up. May be some of my presents will fall into proper hands that way; for these unearthly children refuse to accept me."

So he scoured over the Plains in search of the old people—the white-haired men and women who sit in a corner by the fire, and tell the babies stories of Santa Claus and Kris Kringle—and make Christmas a great and memorable day to their children's children. The deer galloped till the sledge hummed and boomed with pure speed as it went through the air; but the second part of Santa Claus' search was a bigger failure than the first. Every one knows that looking for old folk in India is as wise as looking for young ones in an almshouse; because we all lie within the compass of a generation and a half, and the children and the old folk go away, leaving only those who are working for their bread.

Santa Claus, however, did not know this; and after much driving, his original suspicion about the mistake of the reindeer returned in full force. "By the Great Log of Yule, and the Christmas tree of the Ten Thousand Lights," said Santa Claus, "I have assuredly dropped into the infernal regions—a land without the beauty of childhood or the reverence of old age! And Christmas all the wide world over going to ruin, because those pig-headed reindeer have dragged me off creation." Then he buried his head in his beard, and gave himself and Christmas up for lost. But the rattle of the toys in the sleigh roused him; and he remembered how all these things must be got rid of before day dawned, or they would spoil in another year.

"Perhaps," said Santa Claus to himself very humbly, "perhaps these terrible middle-aged creatures, who keep no grandmothers and no children of a companionable age, and who don't seem to know what a holly-bush or mistletoe bough means, might like some of my presents. At all events I'll try." So Santa Claus turned to the first house he found and walked in very shamefacedly with the children's toys in a basket on his arm.

There was a man in the house working very hard among papers and pieces of tape. "I beg your pardon," said Santa Claus, "but I've come this way by mistake, and there doesn't seem to be any room for me among the few children you own. But may be you would like some of my toys." Santa Claus, very red in the face and in a great hurry lest he should be rebuffed, held out the first thing in the basket his hand fell on. It was a big trumpet painted blue and white. The man looked up and said: "Thanks for the hint Santa Claus. I shouldn't wonder if it attracted the attention of the Government. I'll begin blowing it for myself to-morrow."

Then Santa Claus left, very pleased that one at least of his presents had been accepted; and passed on to distribute the rest of his toys elsewhere. There were many people whom he called upon, for the basket was a big one.

There was a lady who overestimated Santa Claus' power entirely, and as soon as she heard he arrived with gifts asked him for the last twenty years of her life over again, and three-fourths of her back-hair with them. All that Santa Claus could give her was a nice violet-and-magenta-and-black comforter for her dear old neck. But she grew angry, and Santa Claus left in haste.

There was a young man who told Santa Claus to his face that Santa Claus was a myth, and then asked for all manner of unreasonable things in the way of Love and Honour. Santa Claus said he kept only things for children, and, very apologetically, gave the young man a second-hand mechanical doll that could talk. He was glad to see how many grown-up people received his poor little gifts willingly, and seemed to set great store by them.

There was a young lady who misunderstood Santa Claus and demanded to be taken back to England and the shops and the gas lights at once. Santa Claus did all he could to console her, and finished by giving her a hurdy-gurdy to dance to, and a regiment of little tin soldiers. She was quite happy with them for a long time, till the music stopped with a click, and the men melted away one by one.

There was an elderly man who took, under protest, a box of toy bricks from Santa Claus. He said that the gift was kindly meant, but it was of no use to him, because he understood that with bricks it was necessary to build from the foundation upwards; whereas he all his life had been building from the roof downwards.

Indeed, he was at that very time occupied, with the help of a few distinguished friends in putting the finishing touches on to a roof that under no circumstances would be fitted on to any foundation. Santa Claus couldn't understand what all this meant, but he smiled very politely, and gave the elderly gentlemen very nearly two hundred toy balloons—the remnants of an old stock—to play with if he liked.





What struck Santa Claus most, was the kindness of the grown-up people in taking so much interest in toys meant only for children. For instance, there was a man with a Grievance who was most grateful for a toy rattle: and a man with a Future took as many comic and serious masks as Santa Claus would give him; while a woman with a Past thanked Santa Claus effusively for a little slide-lid paint-box with twelve colours and two brushes—such as they sell at home for 10½d.

There was a man—a little, quiet, inoffensive man—who begged Santa Claus for a pair of child's stilts, and Santa Claus gave him them, and was delighted to see how they were appreciated. Every one was most kind to Santa Claus, except the lady aforesaid; and she threw the black-and-violet-and-magenta comforter away, and called Santa Claus "a goblin."

"Depend upon it," said Santa Claus as he gave away the last parcel "Depend upon it, I ought to establish an agency for the yearly distribution of presents among the meritorious middle-aged in this part of the world. I never knew children in Germany or Sweden one half so enthusiastic as these are over my little trumperies."

Then he whipped up the reindeer, and, guided by the very pale light in the east, headed northward for the Khyber and so back to his own place again. But as he whirled through the stations, a little child, who knew all about him, caught a glimpse of the Golden Sleigh and the white reindeer in the early morning.

"Santa Claus! Have you anything for me, Santa Claus?" Santa Claus pulled the reindeer on

to their haunches till their horns cracked, and swung round. "Here," said he, "is a properly educated child." Then he felt sorry because the sleigh was empty of gifts, and the child was holding up the skirt of its little night gown expecting a present. Santa Claus thought of the box of bricks which the elderly gentleman had exchanged for the balloons. They were in the bearskinwrap. He handed them over the side of the sleigh.

"Bwicks?" said the child, and its eyes sparkled.

"Begin building from the foundation—then the walls—and lastly the red and gold windows," said Santa Claus.

The child hugged the box to its breast and replied scornfully: "Corse I will. I know how to play wif bwicks!"

"I beg your pardon," said Santa Claus gravely, "but that's more than most people seem to know in this country. Good bye, yunker!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning, when Santa Claus loosed the eight white reindeer under the Rjica Vom, where the Trolls and the Christmas Fairies live, he told his friends all about his extraordinary journey.

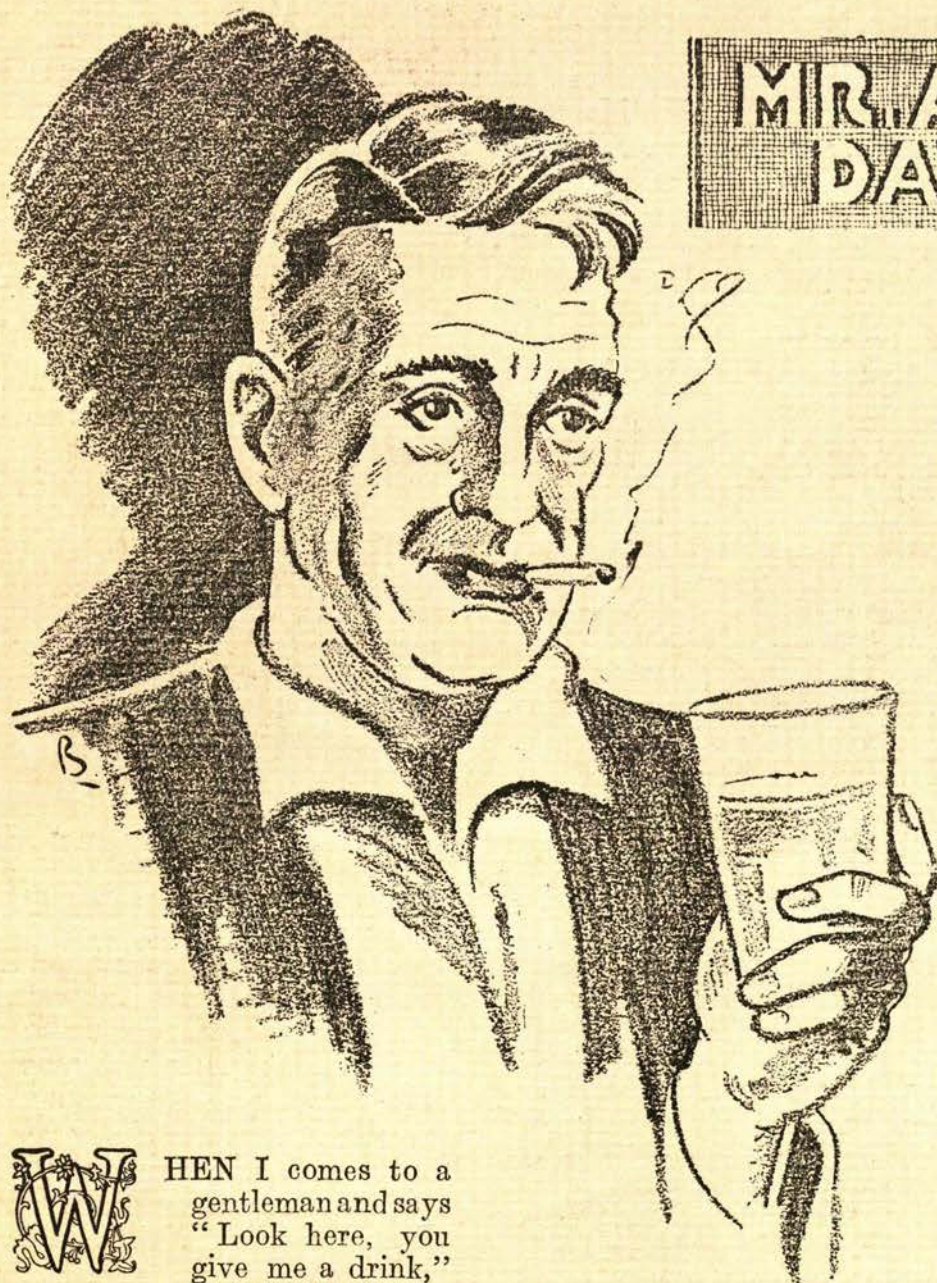
"You've been dreaming," said Atta Troll, "there's no place in the world where there is no childhood and no old age, or where people have to be taught to build with bricks."

"Then the reindeer must have carried me into another world," said Santa Claus mournfully, for his night's experience had made him mistrustful of himself.

"That is much more probable," said Atta Troll.



# MR. ANTHONY DAWKING



As I looked, he came and leaned over my shoulder, and there was a spicy fragrance in his breath. "You never saw such a 'ole," said he. "I've written some things there that shows you what you has to expect but it's worse since I come here last. They've got no good lamps now. I took and chucked the last one into the canal. It wouldn't burn proper. I know this bungalow. It's my reg'lar 'alten' place betwix' Ammedabad an' Bhurtpore. My name is Dawking—Mister Anthony Dawking and I was born in Southsea. I'm none of your measly arfcastes I ain't. I'm a true-born Englishman I am and I ain't afraid of anybody.

*Anthony Dawking is my name,  
Hengland is my nation;  
Injy is my dwellin' place  
An' work my occupation.*

That's me! a 'onest pore man who 'as worked on the Hindus State, I've bin there, an' the Rajjputanna-Malwa, I've bin there too, an' the Hindus steamers an' the Southern M'ratta, an' the Dacca Daily Despatch steamers, I've bin there too, an' the Injan Midlan' I was theretoo, an' the Irriwaddy Flotla I've bin there too, fitter, engineer, foreman-fitter, pilot on the rivers that I didn't know, anything you please, for my name is Anthony Dawking and I am a 'ard working man."

All this was delivered, apparently in one breath. Then Mister Dawking swayed on his heels for a moment. The khansamah peeped in at the door and announced that dinner was on the table.

**W**

HEN I comes to a gentleman and says "Look here, you give me a drink," and that gentleman

says "No I won't neither; you've 'ad too much" am I angry? No! What I sez is..... At this point, without word or warning, he went deeply and peacefully to sleep in the long-chair in the verandah. The dak-bungalow khansamah eyed him fearfully from afar.

"He has come again," said the dak-bungalow khansamah, "and God knows when he will depart. I must get dinner." Towards dusk, Mister Anthony Dawking woke up and demanded refreshment.

"The last time I was 'ere," said he pensively, "that there khansamah 'e ran away down the road and wouldn't give me no khana. So I took a leg of the bed and I broke open the cook-

'ouse and I made my own khana. And now 'e don't run away no more. Hitherow tum. Just you khana lao and I'll have the same whiskey as I had last time."

While the khansamah was preparing the meal, I turned over the pages of the dak-bungalow book. They fairly bristled with the name of "Anthony Dawking," and opposite each entry were that gentleman's comments on his entertainment. Once he had written: "The food is getting better but their wiskey is dam bad. I am not plesed with this Dork-bungalo." A month later he had come again and written: "This day I bete the carnsarmer for his beesly cheek and broke two chares. The wiskey is better now."



"Come an' 'ave a snack," said Mister Dawking genially. "You come an' 'ave dinner with me. Gor blesh you. If I was partier'lar who I spoke to an' 'ad dinner with I wouldn't be the pop'lar man I am now. 'Aven't you 'eard tell o'Anthony Dawking—the fitter? You ask old Beazeley who was a perm'nent way Inspector on the Punjab Northern. You say to 'im: 'Beazeley who's Dawking?' an' he'll begin to laugh, laugh 'imself blind. Beazeley was a pop'lar man an' so am I. Many's the time I've said to Beazeley: "Beazeley, come an' 'ave a drink, an' many a time 'as Beazeley said to me: 'Dawking, you pay for no drinks 'ere (this evenin' while Jack Beazeley is 'ere'). That was old Beazeley all over. A fine free-'earted man was Beazeley. Tell 'im you've seen me an' 'e'll give you a good dinner. Better than this muck. Hi! khansamah. Kisivasti 'ave you brought this krab goshe?"

"Mister Dawking," said I meekly, "Do you ever pay for your dinners?"

"Do-I-pay-for-my-dinners?"

He looked as though he were about to assault me.

"What d'yer take me for? Me pay? I've bin from Gwalior to Kurrachi on foot an' railway pass an' I've never been asked that yet? Me pay! I'd like to see that khansamah ask me. Why, on'y the last time I was 'ere the khansamah 'e complained to the Resident because I wouldn't pay an' broke all the crockery an' the Resident 'e said 'e would send a police guard o' six to look after me. But they never came even though I was entitled to 'ave them. So I deducted the cost of that police guard, six men at a rupee a day I made it, from my bill and I stayed four days an' my bill was only twenty rupees. So now I'm waitin' 'ere for the four rupees that that police guard cost an' if the khansamah complains again I'll 'ave 'is ears off over the top of 'is 'ead. Me pay! of course I don't."

"That is quite true," said the khansamah. "This sahib never pays. I have never seen a sahib like this sahib. My bhai, who keeps the dak-bungalow at—says that he is dewani-pagal, and so, your honour, I pay myself. He is a very poor man and he is always drunk."

Mister Anthony Dawking was drinking while this explanation



"That is quite true," said the khansamah.  
"This sahib never pays."

was offered. He roused at the word "drunk."

"Who says I am drunk?" he asked with terrific gravity. "I am sober. Not a drop o' drink has passed my lips to-day. Chalk a line on the floor! Chalk a line on the floor and I'll show you whether I'm drunk or not."

There was no chalk, but Mister Anthony Dawking took a juicy capscium out of the pickle-bottle and with it smeared an uncertain line upon the floor. This accomplished, he fell flat on his face along the line.

"That's all right," he said with deep satisfaction, as he lay. "I knowed I wasn't drunk, khansamah, if I catch you I'll cut your head off for my name is Anthony Dawking and I am a

man of my word." Still prone he commenced to sing lustily a song that was new to me, beginning

*"There was a man whose  
name was Saul,  
An' 'e died in Inji-a.  
But 'e left 'is wife a Kashmir  
shawl*

*Before 'e went away."*

He chanted ten or twelve verses, and then stopped to explain. "Me an' old Scott made up that song when we was building the Sone Bridge. You go and sing it to old Beazeley and 'e'll know you've seen me."

The pleasure of gazing upon the dirt-grimed liquor-blotched face of Mr. Dawking did not strike me as an overwhelming one. It was nearly time to start for the station. I gathered my traps together and left Mister Anthony Dawking fast asleep on the floor, with the khansamah timidly trying to thrust a pillow under his head.

\* \* \* \*

A month later I stood in a great down-country factory worked by water-power and full of excited English foremen.

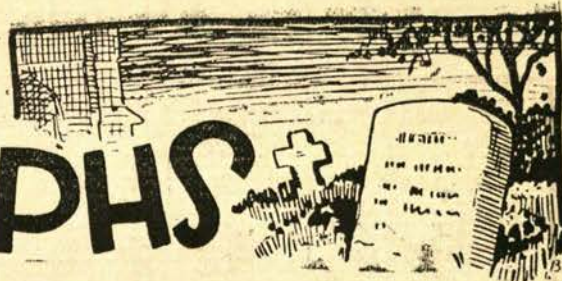
"What's wrong with Number Four shaft?" "Nothing much, only some d—d loafer has gone and hampered the turbine—with all these orders to be worked off before Wednesday too!"

Strictly speaking Mister Anthony Dawking had done nothing worse than tumble into the dam above the turbine-hatch. They fished him out, as slovenly and unhandsome a corpse as could be desired, and he was buried by order of the Cantonment Magistrate. But in that far-away dak-bungalow between Ahmedabad and Bhurtpore, the swindled and maltreated khansamah picked a bunch of yellow desert-flowers and sent his son by rail to lay them upon Dawking Sahib's grave.

The son never found the grave, because there was no mark upon it; but the story is a sufficiently wonderful one, all the same.



# QUEER EPITAPHS



YOU will agree that the last place in the world you would associate with humour is a graveyard, yet those who have potted around cemeteries have found many a joke on gravestones.

There are epitaphs on English and American tombstones so flippant and so frivolous that one can only wonder at the pawky sense of humour which prompted the writers. Perhaps they felt quite safe inasmuch as the dear departed, having once shuffled off this mortal coil, could not retaliate.

The specimens collected from various sources and given below are authentic.

This inscription is on a grave in Woolwich Churchyard, England:

Sacred to the memory of Major Brush,  
Royal Artillery,  
Who was killed by the accidental discharge of  
a pistol by his orderly. April 14, 1831.  
Well done, good and faithful servant.

\* \* \* \* \*

A cemetery in Burlington, Vermont, U. S. A., has this quaint inscription which displays the practical minds of the child's parents:

Beneath this stone our baby lays  
He neither cries or hollers.  
He lived just one and twenty days  
And cost us twenty dollars.

\* \* \* \* \*

A stone in Skaneateles, New York, shows remarkable ingenuity in lamenting the passing of a young woman whose name it seems gave the epitaph writer considerable trouble:

Underneath this pile of stones  
Lies all that's left of Sally Jones.  
Her name was Lord, it was not Jones,  
But Jones was used to rhyme with stones.

\* \* \* \* \*

The grave of a lady who lived in Pewsey, England, is marked thus:

Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney  
Great niece of Burke commonly called the  
Sublime  
She was  
Blond, Passionate and deeply Religious.  
Also painted in Water colours.

One wonders how that last line crept in, for it upsets an otherwise sober tombstone. Without a doubt the relatives of Lady O'Looney did not mean it to sound as it does to-day. But there it is!

\* \* \* \* \*

In Shetland is this tombstone with an indictment against a poor Mr. Tulloch:

Donald Robertson, Born January 1, 1785,  
died June 4, 1848, aged 63 years.

He was a peaceful, quiet man, and a sincere Christian. His death was very much regretted which was caused by the crass stupidity of Lawrence Tulloch, of Clotherton, who sold him nitre instead of Epsom Salts, by which he died in three hours.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brief, and to the point, is this one in Burlington, Mass., U. S. A:

Here lies the body of Susan Lowder  
Who Burst While Drinking Sedlitz Powder  
Called from this World to  
Her Heavenly Rest  
She should have waited  
Till it Effervesced. 1798.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ubiquitous pun also finds its way into graveyards. One can almost imagine the self-satisfaction of the tombstone versifier who perpetrated the following epitaph for the grave of a cobbler at Torryburn in Fifeshire:

Enclosed within this narrow stall  
Lies one who was a friend to *awl*.  
He saved bad soles from getting worse  
But d—d his own without remorse.  
And though a drunken life he passed  
Yet saved his *soul* by *mending at the last*.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is another ingenious epitaph which also relies upon a pun for its "point." It is on the grave of Sir John Strange, an eminent English Lawyer:

Here lies an Honest Lawyer—  
That is Strange.

It would almost seem that in this case a special opportunity was provided for the writer of the epitaph.

\* \* \* \* \*

In conclusion, this inscription is on a grave-stone near Bath Abbey in England:

Here Lies  
Ann Mann  
She Lived An  
Old Maid  
And died an  
Old Mann

\* \* \* \* \*

W.H.B.

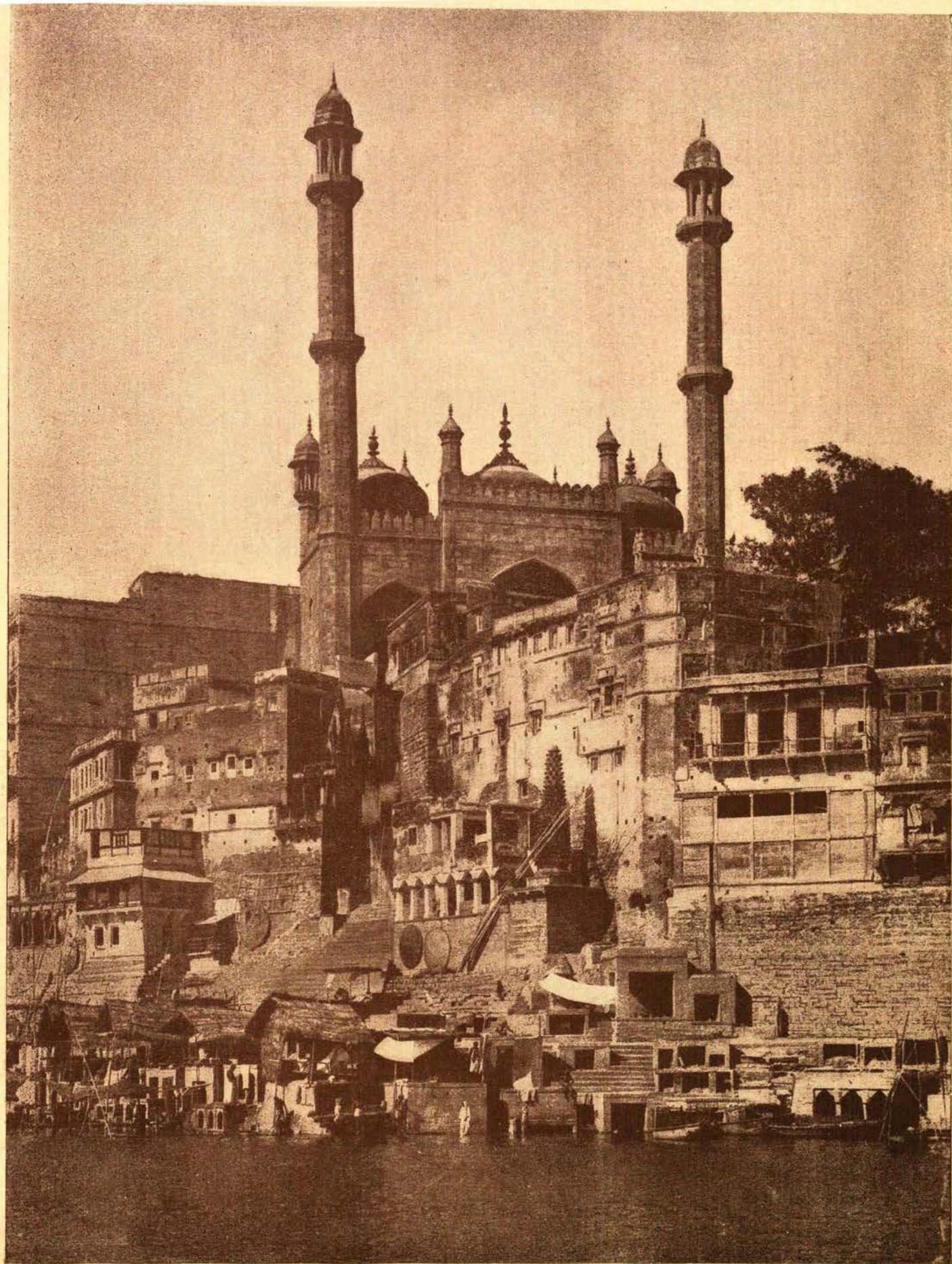


# WHAT OUR BEARERS HAVE TO BEAR



The Memsahib (airing her newly-acquired Hindustani): "Bolo the khansama we want dinner ek dum, and make it jeldi."





BENARES

The Holy City of the Hindus



24

# Tea

for

# Two

BY

**IRENE  
BURN**



HE train stopped at the junction, more than an hour late. Paula leapt to the platform but the

junction refused to share her haste. It consisted, in fact, of one tin shed bowered in bougainvillæa, one goat, drinking water for Hindus, and a babu steeped in magnificent calm.

Across the platform gleamed the rails of the metre gauge by which she hoped to travel. There was something ominous in the emptiness of those rails.

Paula dragged out a suit-case and a tea basket. Her bedding was too bulky to tackle so she called imperiously to the babu to send a coolie.

The babu abated naught of his splendid calm, but from behind the trellis that guarded the Hindu

drinking water emerged an urchin—evidently the guardian of the goat—for he cuffed it away from its meal of bougainvillæa.

The urchin dragged the bedding to the platform, he was dumb as the babu to Paula's feverish enquiries about the train for Paluspur.

Only when the mail had clanked away did the babu deign to answer her reiterated question.

"Madam, at twenty-two hours."

*"We are richer by one mocking Christmas past."*

—RUDYARD KIPLING

Paula made a hasty calculation.

"Twenty-two o'clock! Ten to-night; twelve hours to wait here! Impossible."

"Madam, there is no train of any kind till twenty-two hours. By reason of the lateness of the mail the train of the little line has already gone."

If ineffable calm may hold a glint of malice the babu achieved the combination.

"Why the devil didn't you keep the train? I've known the damned thing wait three hours for no reason at all."

At the unexpected interjection Paula spun round to meet the fury of the angriest Englishman she had ever seen.



"At twenty-two hours, or by chance an hour later, there will be a train," chanted the babu, still unruffled. He had locked the tin shed and drifted away into the jungle before either of the derelicts recovered.

"Twelve hours to spend on a bare platform and it's Christmas Day, and my sister expects me before tiffin and I didn't even get any chota hazri this morning."

The catalogue of woes should certainly have softened any masculine heart, but Paula need not have looked for sympathy into the eyes of her enraged fellow passenger for he turned upon her a glance of unmixed dislike.

"You needn't bother to catalogue our very obvious misfortunes," he said angrily.

"Pig," said Paula, but not aloud, since it is foolish to quarrel with companions in shipwreck. "I expect you are as hungry as I am," she said soothingly.

"Hungry!" His scorn tried, without much avail, to wither her. "Food is the last thing I'm worrying about. It's the people at the other end, my hostess and all the rest of the camp,—mucking up the whole day for them."

"How noble of you to feel like that," said Paula with interest. "Men so seldom bother about such small details as hostesses. Now I'm just worrying about myself—and you, of course," she added as an after thought. There must be some tremendous attraction at that Christmas camp, she decided. And men with poetic brows, dark hair and slightly bilious complexions always took themselves and their love affairs far too seriously.

He turned away to jump up and down the platform while Paula wondered if he meant to rage furiously and unceasingly for the next twelve hours. In spite of his disclaimer he would probably grow angrier as hunger increased. Somehow she must provide food.

"Oh bakri-wala," she cried to the urchin, who pattered to her side.

"Milk your goat," she commanded, waving at the animal.



"You needn't bother to catalogue our very obvious misfortunes," he said angrily.

"Fetch eggs," she went on, waving at a perfectly empty jungle. "Fetch plantains, fetch everything."

In dumb obedience the child milked his goat into a cup extracted from the tea basket. Dumbly he set forth into the world beyond the junction. There was no sign of habitation but even the ineffable babu must live somewhere and she trusted the goat boy was not utterly orphaned.

Furtively she filled her spirit kettle at the store inside the trellis. There wasn't a Hindu in sight to mark her trespass and tea was of immense importance. While she waited for the water to boil she unstrapped her bedding to soften the austerities of the bare platform with rugs and cushions.

Even as she made the tea the urchin arrived bearing a huge basket. In it reposed twelve eggs, a bunch of plantains, some oranges and a bundle of onions. Six eggs went into the kettle at once and in a few minutes she had called her fellow derelict to breakfast. There was even a

handful of bougainvillæa in a tea cup and a small tray-cloth oasis in a desert of rug.

Slowly he drifted back from the further edge of the platform where he had withdrawn; ungraciously he sank to a cushion.

A newly boiled egg is a hot thing to eat from one's naked hand. The man burnt his fingers and damned the egg without any apology. Then tea began to restore him.

"You must think me a fearful bear," he said with a dawning sense of shame.

"What I did think," returned Paula, "was that you must have missed a fearfully exciting Christmas party. Have another egg, there are three each. I hope sweet biscuits and egg eaten together won't make you feel sick, the biscuits are the only food I had left. By the way, it's awkward not knowing each other. I'm Paula Gasken, travelling from Jehangirpur to spend Christmas with my sister. I know I left a day too late, but I expected to be at my destination before lunch. I never thought of missing connection."



"My name is George Phillott," the bear was really softening under the influence of the third egg and his fourth cup of tea. "I couldn't get away before last night and my party were to meet me up the line this morning. I wanted specially to be there as one member of the party has to leave early to-morrow. It was really frightfully important."

He gloomed again, but Paula was roused from her attitude of respectful sympathy by the hum of an approaching train. Like a sail on the horizon a feather of smoke invaded the blue.

"Saved," cried Paula, leaping to her feet.

"No such thing." George reluctantly abandoned his empty egg-shell and started without excitement on the plantains. "That train is going the wrong way, and anyhow it doesn't stop. I know this infernal junction."

She sank back to the cushions and poured out more tea. The train drew alongside, a dull, incurious train, till from the first class compartment a man's head leaned.

Chance ordained that the train slowed almost to a standstill as that compartment came opposite to the domestic scene on the platform. The traveller saluted with a jocund howl.

"Merry Christmas, Phillott. I see you're enjoying it in your favourite haunt. Mildred will be glad to hear all about it when she comes to me to-morrow."

The petrified Phillott wasted a precious moment over ineffectual gibberings. Then he dashed to his feet and across the platform, but the train had gathered speed and the traveller only laughed at the spluttering shouts of explanation.

George came back gloomier than ever, but this time his gloom issued to speech.

"That blighter's her brother," he said passionately.

"Mildred has to go to his camp to-morrow. He did it on purpose so that I shouldn't be with her for more than a day. He hates me, doesn't think I'm good enough. But I meant to circumvent him

by proposing to her to-day, then we could have done as we liked. Now I shan't get there in time to see her, and he will tell her all about this and she'll never believe the truth."

"But, surely," Paula protested, "this isn't your fault. No one would choose to spend Christmas Day on a railway platform with a perfectly strange female and no food." The six egg-shells, a pile of banana and orange skins and the untouched onions met her eye, but she continued unabashed. "You can easily prove the mail missed connection."

"I know," said George uncomfortably, "but you see I've done it before."

"Spent Christmas here with a stranger! How queer. I should never dream of doing it twice."

"It wasn't Christmas and it was more than twice." George had the grace to blush. "I was a young fool and I imagined myself madly in love with a married woman. (It was before I met Mildred of course.) Her husband was a stuffy civilian; didn't understand her. When they were in camp near here I used to come in to the junction by train whenever I could and met her here secretly. And once Mildred's brother caught us, and I said I was on my way to Chauraghar but had missed connection. There was rather a scandal." George almost preened himself.

"How very unlucky. But Mildred will believe you if you explain."

"I shan't have much of a chance," growled George. "They'll all be in bed when I reach camp and tomorrow she has to start at some unearthly hour. You can't start explaining and proposing to a girl in December before *chota hazri*. It's too cold and beastly. Besides she isn't going alone, some confounded cousin will be hanging round too. And the moment she arrives her brother will have made a song about what he thinks he saw. Mildred hasn't forgiven me that scandal even though it was before I loved her."

"I'll write to him myself this moment," said the forceful Paula. "There is a fountain pen and paper in my case."

The next hour fled in the concoction of a letter to Mildred's brother, a complete vindication of their enforced tête-à-tête. George disapproved of parts of it, especially when Paula put the situation from her own point of view.

"Mr. Phillott is the last man one would choose to be cast away on a desert island with," she wrote: "He hated me at first sight and left me to do all the work alone. He could not bear the very idea of food until I set it in front of him."

When the letter was finished Paula cleared up the remnants of breakfast and produced from her suit-case several novels and some patience cards.

"We will have tea at four," she said, "meantime we will play Pelman patience."

George won five games which endeared the horrid pastime to his lacerated spirit. Then he slept over a magazine and woke to find tea ready.

When darkness fell a peremptory message carried to the babu by the goat boy brought the contemplative soul to unlock the tin shed and provide hurricane lanterns. Presently sounds of music floated on the air. George and Paula were singing Christmas hymns and carols together. They had forgotten most of the words, and long before twenty-two hours brought the train they were fox-trotting on the platform to cacophonous shoutings of "Ours is a Nice House."

"Christmas in India," sighed George to the girl at his side as they watched the Christmas Day match of the Jehangirpur polo tournament.

"Don't you like it?" she asked. "I call the Jehangirpur Christmas week simply topping. But perhaps you prefer camp?"

"I don't know," George sighed again. "It depends on the people, not on the place. Now, last Christmas day I had a strange



adventure, found myself stranded in the jungle alone with a girl. We spent the whole day together. It was a wonderful experience; how wonderful I never realised at the time."

The girl, more romantic than the generality, spurred him to further flights.

"Did you fall in love at first sight?" she asked eagerly.

"No," replied George with perfect truth. "I don't think I knew I loved her until over all she said and did and to remember how pretty and how sweet she was."

Paula would hardly have recognised this description from George, but the romantic girl gloated over it.

"Didn't you tell her so?"

"I was a fool," said George, though he did not really think so. "I hadn't got her address, so I couldn't write and I went Home soon after, so I couldn't find her out."

"You can't have loved her frightfully if you didn't take the trouble to look for her. It's easy enough to find anyone in India."

The romantic girl was plainly disappointed in him. He recognised the truth of her conclusions and he had roused himself at length to seek the companion of his last Christmas day. He remembered that she was travelling from Jehangirpur so he decided to spend his Christmas leave in that very attractive spot. He might see her at a distance first, make up his mind whether the year old memories had played him false. Memories concerning women had such tricks of adding or subtracting charm. A woman was never exactly as you had remembered her. He must see Paula again before he committed himself.

And then since coincidences always happen at Christmas time, and since everyone sooner or later comes to Jehangirpur, George

looked up and saw Paula.

The final chukker was over and the spectators flocked towards the tea tent. Without apology he sprang from his companion's side to intercept Paula.

His first glance shewed him that memory had blurred half her charm. Manlike he made no allowances for last year's crumpled night in the train, the long day spent in the open with no means of washing except at the kettle's spout, her only mirror the inch-square absurdity in her purse.

To-day Paula was lovely and so was her frock. She must have money of her own. George crushed down the unworthy thought. He could easily love her for herself.

"Merry Christmas," she said. "A merrier than last year. How furious you were!" She was thinking that pale rage suited his type better than the rather fatuous smile he wore at present.

He wondered why she asked no question of Mildred. Surely she must be interested to learn his fate. But he was glad of her unconscious tact for he never wanted to speak or think of Mildred again—a stupid, obstinate girl who had met his explanations with laughter instead of disbelief.

Forcefully he guided Paula to the furthest line of tables, and set two chairs with their backs to the crowd.

"We can't be as solitary here as we were at the junction," he said, "but it's better than nothing."

He had forgotten to call servants and Paula wanted her tea far more earnestly than she desired to listen to George's rhapsodies over Mildred's successor.

"I shall never forget last Christmas day," he began fervently.

"Neither shall I," her tone was nearly as fervent.

"It marked the beginning of a new life for me," breathed George.

"So it did for me," sighed Paula.

He started slightly. How easy she was making it for him, almost too easy. He looked at her. Yes, she was far prettier than Mildred. Far more attractive than the married lady who had lured him into scandal at the junction.

"Was it because of me?" he whispered.

"Entirely because of you," said Paula aloud, her eyes full of joy, since she had at last attracted the notice of a *khitmatgar* and tea approached. George thought the sparkle was for him and rushed upon his fate.

"Tell me, Paula. How have I been strong enough and fortunate enough to change your life?"

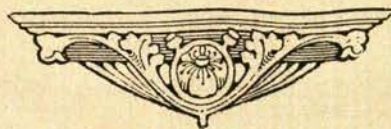
"You remember when the train came into the station and Mildred's brother leaned out and saw us?"

George nodded, he did not wish to recall that most uncomfortable moment.

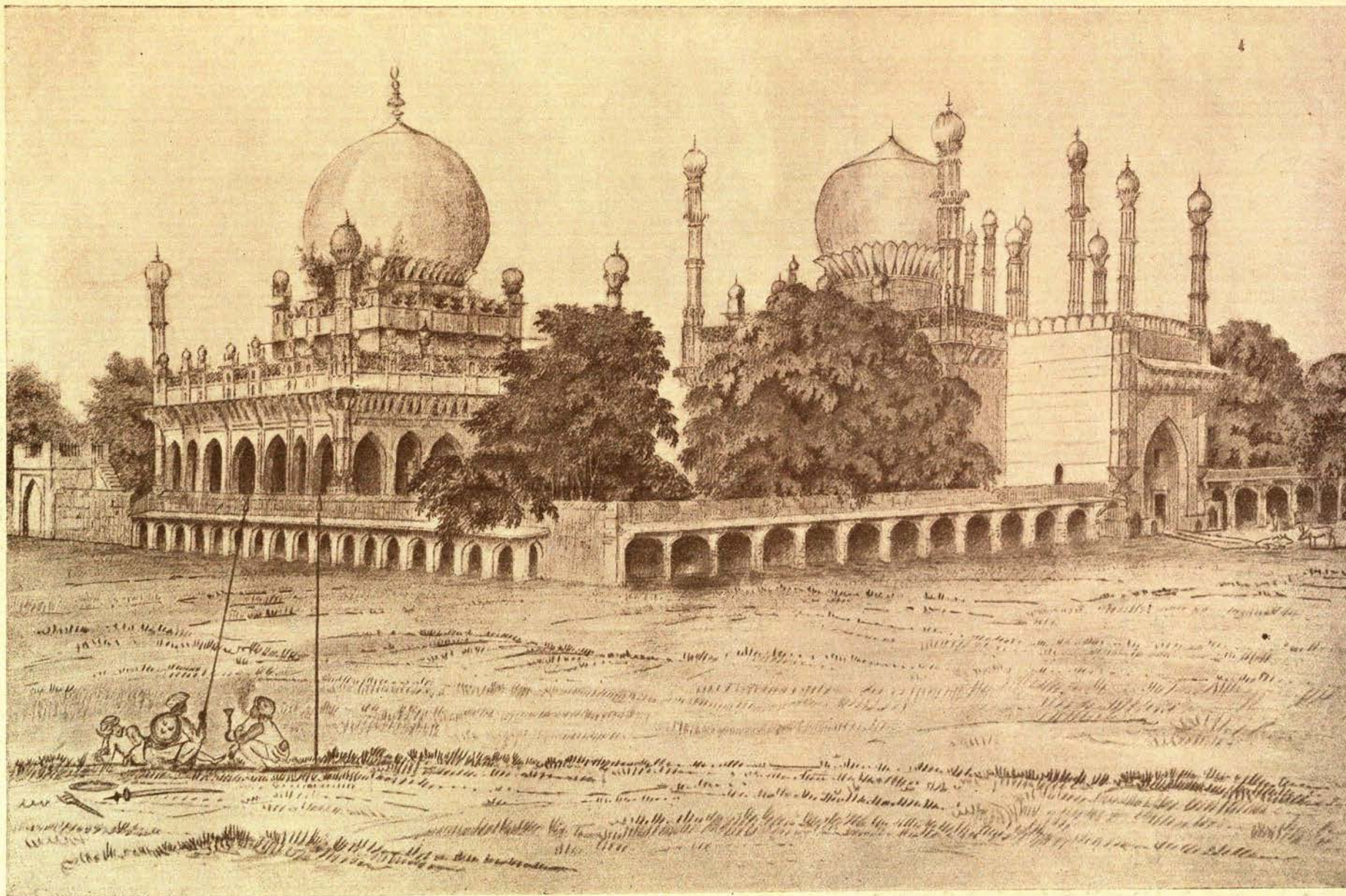
"Well, he looked at me,"—she laughed while she blushed,—“and for some unearthly reason he thought he'd like to know me. He thought I was quite attractive crumpled upon those cushions. But of course he didn't know who I was and he wouldn't ask you. Then my letter arrived and he simply loved it, thought I must be a sport, and amusing, to write like that. So in the hot weather he came up to Simla. And I married Mildred's brother last month. So you see how fearfully grateful we both are to you."

The tea had come. Paula's wedding ring twinkled in mockery from her hand, now ungloved.

"Lots of sugar and a very little milk," she murmured as she filled his cup. "I remember exactly how much you like after all that tea we drank together last Christmas day."







THE MAUSOLEUM OF IBRAHIM SHAH, KING OF BIJAPUR, AT BIJAPUR

30  
Sketched in pencil in November 1821

28  
Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. G. G. Darvell



# PROOF POSITIVE

by  
R. HILL-MURRAY



**C**HIRRIAGAON, the village of Birds, lay shrouded in the chill of a cold weather mist as my party climbed down the two wooden steps of the railway carriage to the ground-level gravelled floor of the railway station.

I say "my party" but it was a small party—there was I and of course my cook-bearer; the dogs and their servant and one other.

Chirriagaon had seen me at Christmas each year for a number of years. The *shikar* here was known to just three men, all staunch friends, and we were greedy enough to keep it, and the knowledge thereof, to ourselves. Jones, the District Traffic Superintendent of the local railway, whose powers seemed unlimited and second only to a Governor-General in Council, *Mister* Jalal-ud-Din, the station master of Chirriagaon, and myself.

To you who do not know Chirriagaon I would explain that it was a railway station tucked away in the jungle and maintained solely for the export of "minor forest produce"—that

term which in the Government of India Forest Revenue Returns covers such a multitude of sins; these, by the by, range from antlers and horns to bees' wax, various seeds and fruits, and to (which is *most* important) certain resins highly esteemed for their scents.

But to return to Chirriagaon. *Mister* Jalal-ud-Din was the kindly soul who presided over its destinies. Travellers seldom alighted here and most of the trains passed at night. Jalal-ud-Din was the Station Master, telegraphist, postmaster, ticket collector, guide, philosopher and friend to all and sundry and by the Grace of God and the friendly assistance of Mr. Jones he was destined to remain at Chirriagaon for ever 'n'ever. No other station master would tackle Chirriagaon; some said there were too many "spare tigers" while others complained that *Your Honour, the water is somewhat brackish, no doubt, and so* Jalal-ud-Din remained.

Jones and I were glad of the arrangement. It suited us down to the ground and the three of us—for we always thought of Chirriagaon in terms of three—the third being *Mister*



Jalal-ud-Din—enjoyed ourselves for a fortnight every December, rain, hail or snow.

But it never snowed at Chirriagaon.

\* \* \* \*

Jalal-ud-Din buried his nose deep in his coffee cup. "Sir," said he, "I have never smelt such coffee since you were here last year; even the coffee you ordered for me from the Greekish Company at Delhi does not kick to me so hard. I like this."

I gravely responded that coffee, like all good things, should be enjoyed in company. He found no "kick" out of





"My luck is your luck..."

drinking coffee because he drank alone. "But, ah no!" exclaimed the little man, "I drank in the company of Mister Hamilton, a very fine though pauperish fellow, for three days and yet it was not the same."

"Hamilton," I thought,—now who can the man be? "Mister Jalal-ud-Din!" I replied, "If you have been inviting other people down here to shoot my

tigers, and *my* geese! I'm through with you, and when Mr. Jones hears of it, he will sack you on the spot."

The little Station Master gave a grin of cheerful satisfaction. "No, your honour, it is nothing so—so—(I volunteered "unpleasant" at which he nodded)—so unpleasant, this man fell out of the train one night and I kept him for three

days—he is a fine jolly fellow but he is poor. He is walking round the world and is collecting subscriptions and is writing much for the newspapers. But sometimes he gets tired and gets into a train at night so that his walk around the world may be finished a little soonish."

And then the story came out: Hamilton, it seemed to me, was yet another of those happy



vagabonds that India sees year after year; they arrive penniless, lazy and carefree; on foot or on bicycles, and cadge their way from town to town. They consider that because *they* are going on a trip round the world that it is up to *you* to pay them for moving on and leaving you in peace. Many of them are not above stowing themselves away in third class compartments of railway trains and "jumping" stations while others even face the discomfort of travelling in open wagons and trucks.

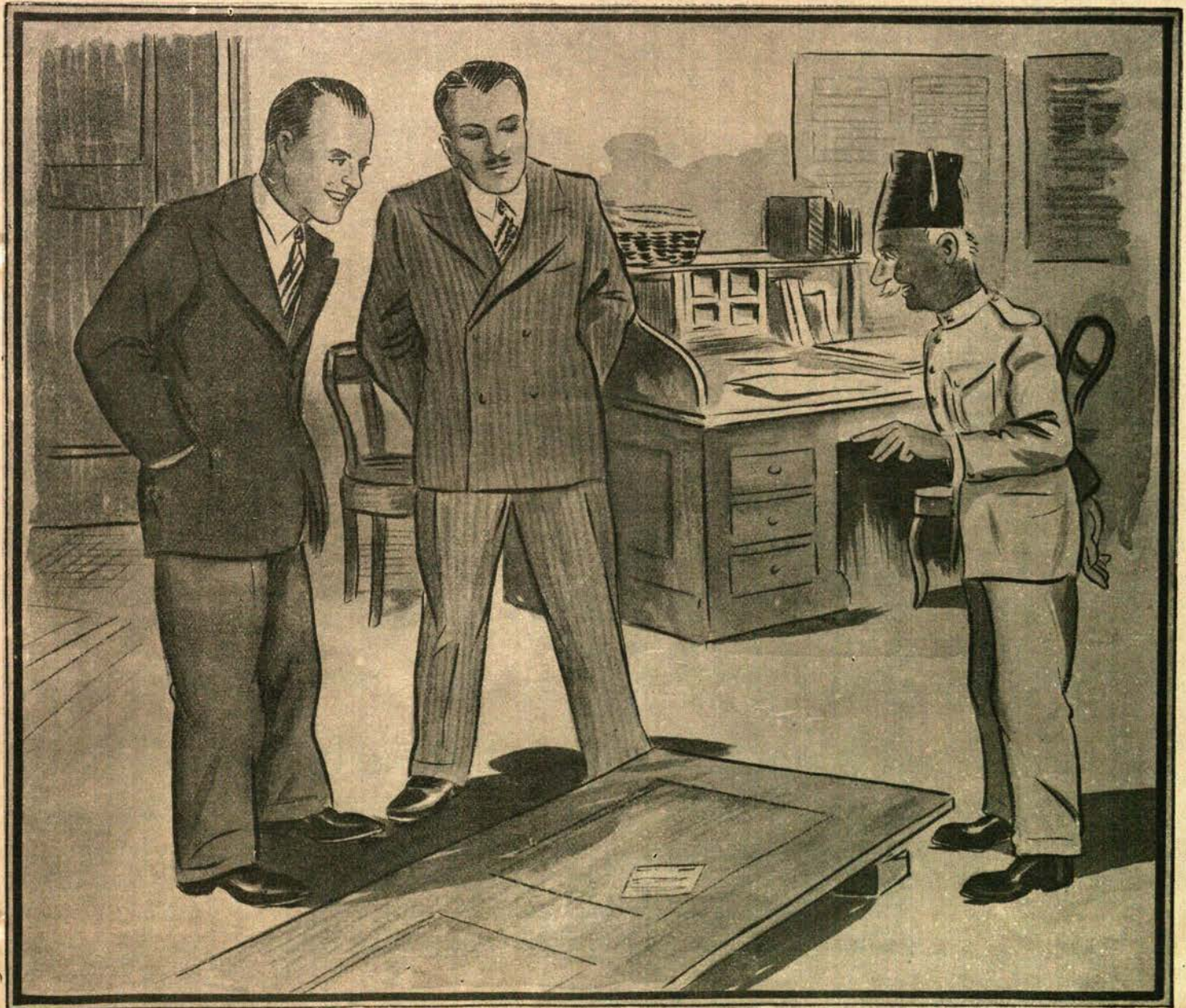
It seems that this Hamilton had been one of these. He had been obliged to stay with Jalal-ud-Din for three days because during that period the latter had sent his boots in to \* \* \* \*

to be repaired, "and they were in a most horribul condition"; during his stay he had delighted his host with tales of foreign lands, of his adventures with brigands and desperadoes, of his love affairs, of his gambles at Monte Carlo, at Peking, at Shanghai, and the hundreds of other places where gambling is, or is not, carried on. The delighted Mister Jalal-ud-Din explained to me that his friend's discourse gave him as much satisfaction as "*The News of the World*" and the "*Wide World Magazine*," the only two journals he was wont to read (of the latter he had a cupboard stacked with the back numbers for many years, they were more precious to him than his railway

provident fund receipts).

When the time came for Hamilton's departure he took leave of him and the little man arranged with a friendly guard to give him "safe escort"—which meant "free escort" to the nearest junction and as a parting present Hamilton gave him "all that he possessed in the world"—a lottery ticket in a Calcutta Sweep on the Viceroy's Cup race.

This jovial rogue went one step further, "Mr. Station Master, this ticket will bring you traveller's luck. See! I will paste it to your station door to show you and all the world (this, at Chirriagaon, was rather funny) that my luck is your luck. Luck brought us together, Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!"



"He must send the door to Calcutta."



Jones had to hear the story when he came down a few days before Christmas and he roared with delight. His delight increased on Christmas morning when Jalal-ud-Din burst in upon us at breakfast with a copy of the \* \* \* \*—a Calcutta daily.

"Your Honour"—to Jones—"This is your paper which I extracted from your dak to read while you were asleep. See! Oh do look, my ticket has won the first prize," and he pointed to the "Personal Column."

*"Will the holders of tickets Nos. (here followed a list of numbers) correspond before the 15th of January with the Honorary Secretary of the \* \* \* Club, Calcutta, in respect of the Club's Private Sweepstake on H. E. The Viceroy's Cup Race. N. B.—Ticket No. \* \* \* has won the first prize amounting this year to Rs. 47,518-9-4."*

"And, Sir, for your Honour's ready reference, I have brought my ticket so that you may compare and do the needful."

Then in tramped my servants bearing between them a heavy teakwood door which had been unscrewed from its frame.

We thumped Jalal-ud-Din delightedly. This was the greatest stunt this best beloved of station masters had ever "pulled."

"Of course you are aware Jalal-ud-Din that the Club will not pay out until the ticket itself is presented to prove that your claim is genuine."

"But, Sir, I cannot remove the ticket without defacing it, oh what shall I do?"

I winked at Jones, "He must send the door to Calcutta," to which Jones solemnly agreed.

And so it was done.

Jones wrote a letter explaining the circumstances and the door was despatched by passenger train preceded by a telegram from Jalal-ud-Din:

*"Honorary Secretary \* \* \* Club Calcutta, under separate cover is despatched ticket No. \* \* \* with reference advertisement Personal Column of \* \* \* stop. Pay first prize reward to my account at \* \* \* Bank, \* \* \* Branch and await letter—Jalal-ud-Din."*

That was the happiest Christmas we three had at Chirriagaon for many a year. Jalal-ud-Din had holidayed with us for so long that he was one of us. His kindly, sensible reasoning and his unfailing optimism had brightened many of our shoots and we felt just as pleased as though we had won the prize ourselves.

But there was one dark moment—we were creeping out bright and early cramped together

in a bullock cart along an old and disused road when Mister Jalal-ud-Din broke silence.

"Poor Mr. Hamilton, I wonder how *his* Christmas will be spent. I have advertised for him in all the papers and will give him half my reward. *Poor, poor man.*"

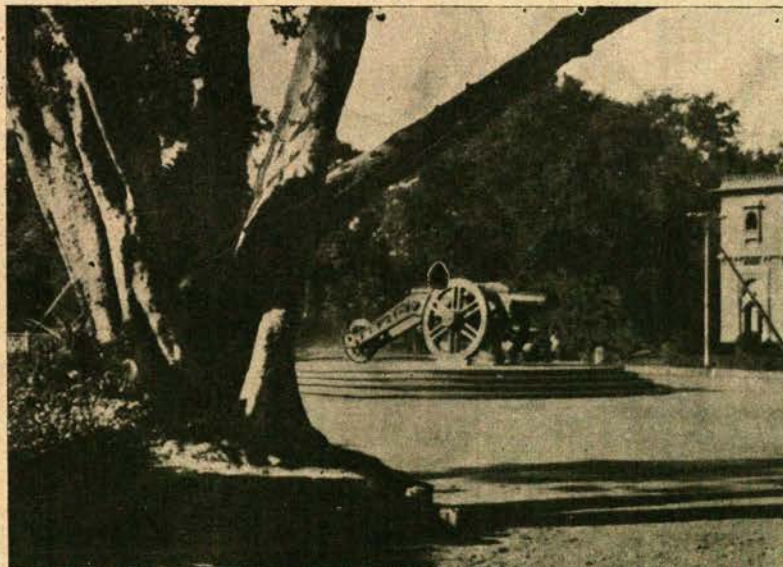
And for the rest of the day our cheery little man was glum as he pondered over Hamilton's Christmas, or rather his lack of it!

Hamilton never answered the advertisements and I am not surprised for they read:

*"Will Mr. Hamilton professional walker round the world who killed bandits in Spain and brigands in Northern and Southern America and who went across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in a balloon and who fell off the train at Chirriagaon station on the \* \* \**

*Railway on the night of the 27th of November and stayed for three days as the Guest of this Stationmaster please apply by wire to his friend at Chirriagaon. I have secret and confidential news to impart."*

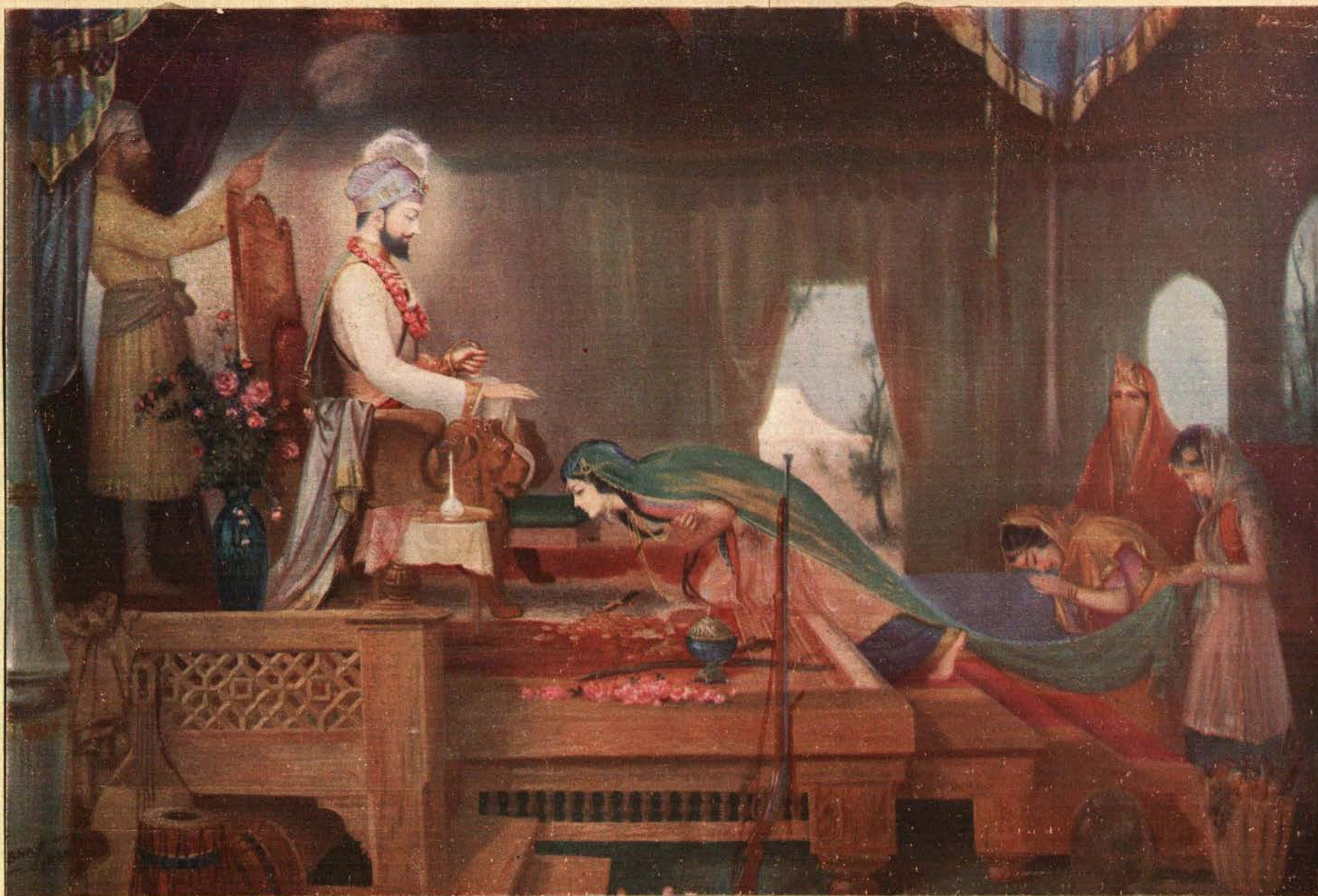
But perhaps Mr. Hamilton does not deign to read newspapers—few, if any, of this world's Champion liars indulge in newspapers—they prefer to invent their own tales.



Kim's Gun, Lahore

34





*An Oil Painting by Sobha Singh.*

# THE SIXTH GURU, GURU HARGOBIND SAHIB, RECEIVES A VISIT FROM NUR JEHAN

This incident occurred when Guru Hargobind Sahib was travelling with his great friend, the Emperor Jehangir, from Agra to Kashmir.

12



# ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S VISIT to the PUNJAB



NE of the most important moments in the history of the world occurred when Alexander

the Great set foot on Indian soil, three hundred years before the birth of Christ, when India was considered the limit of the then known world.

Philip of Macedonia, the father of Alexander, was an extraordinarily clever man. It is said that he was a hard drinker, like most Macedonians of his time, and that he was a man of uncontrollable lusts. But for all that he was astute and far-seeing, and chose Aristotle, one of the

cleverest Greeks, as tutor for his son.

It was Philip's intention to make his country head of all the Greek peoples, and while the small Greek states wasted themselves in their rivalries, he organized Macedonia into a powerful kingdom. He drilled and improved his army, and annexed the barbarian countries around him.

Demosthenes, acknowledged to-day as one of the greatest orators of all time, saw through Philip's move and in the Assembly at Athens, tried again and again to make the Athenians oppose Philip. His orations against Philip—hence the word "Philippic"—are studied even



W. Harold  
Baptist

to-day as models of rhetoric. But that is by the way.

By playing his game with consummate skill, Philip succeeded at last in making himself master of all Greece, and it was not long before he asked his new subjects to join in an expedition against Persia in return for the visit Xerxes had paid the Greeks more than a century before. Unfortunately, he died before he could put his plans into action and it was left to the youthful Alexander to avenge the destruction of Athens. Alexander's mother was Olympias, the daughter of a king of Epirus, a country to the west of Macedonia. Plutarch tells us that Philip met her at some religious festival in Samothrace, and though it was a love-match, it was not long before they were estranged.

Philip it seems was inclined to resent Olympias' religious practices for she, in common with many women of Epirus, was well versed in witchcraft, and was wont to make use of tame serpents at her ceremonies.

The bitter hostility between Olympias and Philip broke out seriously when Philip decided to take a second wife. He had chosen Cleopatra, a Macedonian, the daughter of Attalus.

Plutarch tells us that there was much drinking at the wedding, and that Attalus desired the Macedonians would implore the gods to give them a lawful successor to the kingdom by Cleopatra.

Alexander, stung by the remark, hurled a wine cup at Attalus, and also quarrelled with his father who took Attalus' part.



Alexander the Great  
(From an Old Greek Coin.)



After this he and his mother departed from Macedonia. It is well known that Olympias did her best to set Alexander against his father, as she was doubtful about her son succeeding Philip to the kingdom.

At length, however, the disagreement between father and son was patched up, and Alexander was able to return to Macedonia shortly afterwards. Without a doubt, much of Alexander's ambitious nature was due to his mother's influence.

In the year 336 B.C. Philip was murdered, perhaps at the instigation of Olympias, and so Alexander succeeded him at the early age of twenty.

The kingdom was anything but tranquil at that time, for the various states fretted under Macedonian rule, and there were continual disturbances in various parts.

How Alexander succeeded in unifying Greece, how he destroyed Phœnicia, conquered Persia and Egypt are not part of this article. Let it suffice to say that Alexander's overpowering personality overcame all opposition and he was left undisputed master of all the lands Philip had set his heart upon.

He founded cities wherever he went and some of them still flourish today.

Alexandria, at one of the mouths of the Nile, was one of the greatest cities in the ancient world. Kandahar and Secunderabad, also founded by Alexander, are corruptions of the name Alexandria.

Following his successful Persian campaign, Alexander continued his march to the East. The commonsense he had inherited from his father, coupled with the teaching of Aristotle, had given him a scientific outlook upon the world. His army was marvellously organized and every move was planned with much forethought.

The Macedonian invader had made a wide circuitous movement through Seistan over Kandahar and into the Kabul—Kop in

those days—Valley, which he reached by the winter of 329-28 B. C.

It is said he had had dealings with the prince of Taxila in 329-28 while he was in Sogdiana. At about this time he was joined by Nearchus, a friend of his youth, who afterwards proved his efficiency when the invading army moved down the Indus in boats.

Historians differ in attributing motives to Alexander's Indian campaign. It does seem certain, however, that the main idea in his mind was to reach the Eastern edge of the world for India, it may be pointed out, was to the Greeks, the easternmost inhabited country in the world. In fact they had an idea that once the Hindu Kush mountains were crossed, the ocean which marked the Eastern end of the world, came into view.

His campaign, therefore, may have been impelled by a desire to clear up the geographical position and extent of India, as well as further Grecian interests.

There had been so many varied accounts of the wonderful country, so many fantastic statements, he was possibly tempted to test them for himself. His decision was no sooner made than arrangements were started to carry them through. The only road that connected India with the outer world was by way of the Kabul valley, and it was not long before Alexander's march to the pass began. He himself moved with lightly armed troops through the regions now known as Swat and Bajour, whose tribes put up a fierce resistance, but they were subdued.

His army was, of course, very much larger than that with which he had entered Asia. In it were included many Persians, Bactrians and Sogdians, along with his Macedonians and Greeks. It was also accompanied by a host of women and children and an enormous baggage-train. Alexander went on ahead with his fast-moving men and Perdicas and

Hephæstion meanwhile followed with the heavier troops and camp followers. We are told that Alexander's passage through the Kabul Pass was by no means easy. Every foot of ground was probably contested with severe fighting, for mountainous districts breed warlike inhabitants. Indeed, at one time the fighting was so fierce that Alexander and two of his trusted lieutenants themselves were wounded. The mountain peoples, determined to keep the Greeks out, were aided by Abisares, the prince of Kashmir.

Eventually, Alexander's well-trained forces beat down the resistance, and by the spring of 326 B.C. they passed into the Punjab, in the vicinity of Attock.

The Macedonian invader had all along made his Asiatic conquests easier by using the internal dissensions of the natives. This was no exception to the rule. He knew that beyond the Indus, he would not receive united resistance, for he gleaned from enquiries, that there were several kingdoms in the region, and further that they were constantly waging war against one another. King Taxiles, whose chief town was Taxila, had sent ambassadors to Alexander while he was still in Sogdiana, because he hoped the alliance would protect him from his neighbours Abisares, the prince of Kashmir, and Porus whose domains east of the Hydaspes (Jhelum) bordered his own.

Porus, on hearing of Alexander's advance, collected a powerful army which included 200 elephants, and attempted to stop Alexander from crossing the Hydaspes. This battle is of particular interest for it was necessary for Alexander to effect a crossing and then engage the enemy in action. The Macedonian leader's superior strategy again brought him victory.

The rains had caused the Hydaspes to swell considerably, and Porus undoubtedly felt that his position was comparatively safe. Alexander commenced with



a series of night manœuvres which, though wearying, did not have an air of seriousness.

The Indians, in fact, did not expect an immediate attack.

One night, however, Alexander succeeded in crossing the stream at a point higher up with a force of 5,000 cavalry and 6,000 infantry.

He personally led the cavalry and left the reliable Cratems to follow up with the infantry.

The battle again proved Alexander's genius as a general. The elephants, in which Porus placed much faith, were utterly routed, and in the wild stampede of their retreat they destroyed many men of their own army.

King Porus, who fought to the last with greatest bravery, was sorely wounded and captured. Alexander's eventual friendship and alliance with the defeated king was rewarded by fidelity to death.

It may here be mentioned that Porus was not the king's personal name, but a title borne by all princes of that territory, just as the kings of Egypt were called Pharaoh.

Here again Alexander founded two cities, one of which was named Bucephala after his famous riding horse which is said to have died there of old age.

This was the last great battle fought by Alexander. It was unfortunate for Alexander that he met Queen Cleoplis, the good-looking sister of Taxiles, when he entered the land of the Five Rivers. Alexander, whose marriages had been many, was remarkable for his independence of women. It is asserted that he never let himself fall under their sway. But the result of his meeting with Cleophis was disastrous because she was what would have been known to-day as a "gold-digger." Indeed, some go so far as to say that it was her bad influence which caused his ruin and early death.

Historians agree that Alexander was considerably surprised when he learned that beyond the Hyphasis (Beas) there was another river, the Ganges, which was supposed to be the greatest of the Indian rivers. It was the first time a European had heard of the Plain of the Ganges.

In a moment Alexander's idea of the extent of the world was completely changed. The ocean which previously was thought to be on the other side of the Hindu-Kush range was moved away to an indefinite distance.

Again the idea of reaching the Eastern edge of the world came uppermost in Alexander's mind but his Macedonians refused to go further and Alexander was so mortified by their refusal that he locked himself up in his tent for three days, and refused to eat.

Cleophis, too, with whom he spent much time in dalliance, gave him much misleading information. She told him

there was a desert, beyond the Hyphasis, where none existed, and that at one place the Ganges was thirty-two stadia wide (over three miles).

Alexander, however, discovered Cleophis' wiles and when she found that her plans had been wrecked she threw off her pretence of love. But, strangely enough, they were reconciled and Alexander was again swayed by her. Some ancient historians mention she gave birth to a son who was named Alexander.

The Macedonian invader now decided to begin his homeward trek and he celebrated his departure with a gigantic "Whoopee party" at which so much wine was provided for the soldiers that none of them could stand on their own legs. Cleophis, it is said, came with a great train of noble ladies, who poured out libations of wine for Alexander and his warriors.

At last, leaving Macedonian governors over the conquered territories, Alexander set out to explore the Hydaspes (Indus) to its mouth.

A fleet of eight hundred vessels was prepared and the journey homeward commenced.

There was some fighting at the apex of the delta of the Hydaspes, but it was not as serious as any other of the battles which Alexander fought when he first entered the Punjab.

From there, he explored both arms of the delta to the ocean, which was now seen by the Macedonians after many years of fighting and wandering.

Cleophis was largely responsible for Alexander's decision to cross the desert of Gedrosia, which is identified as the Thar Desert. Here the flower of his army perished through the horrors of heat, sand and thirst.

The army had been divided. Part of it under the command of Nearchus left with the fleet: another part was ordered to return west by way of Kandahar and Alexander led the remainder of his forces over the sandy



A Grecian soldier at the time of Alexander the Great.



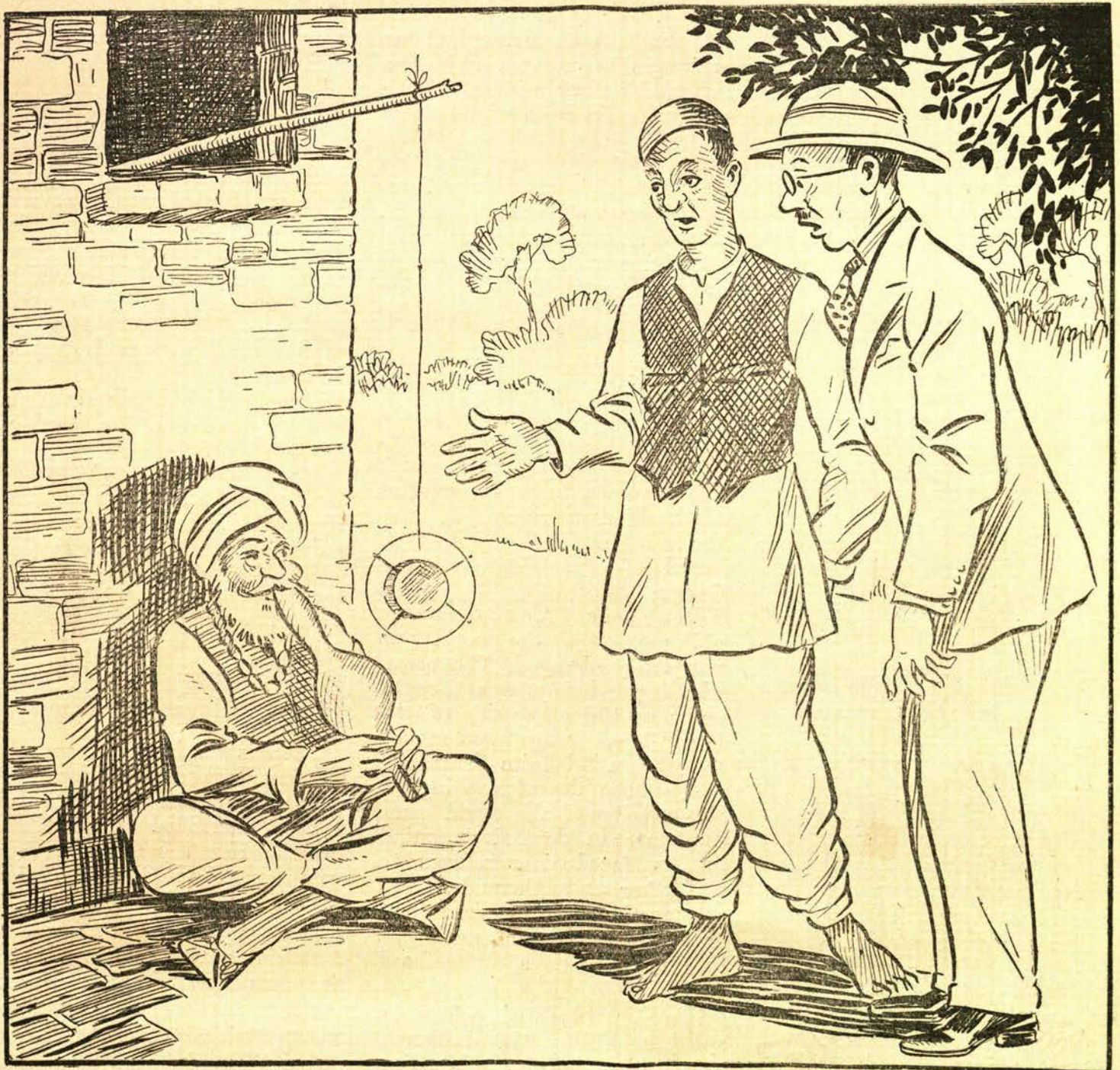
wastes of Baluchistan. Historians say that he chose to cross the desert on learning (from Cleophis probably) that no one had yet traversed it with an army, except the famous Assyrian Queen Semiramis, and she escaped with twenty men only.

Alexander, worn out and weary, reached Babylon in the spring of 323 B. C.



In this city, he indulged without moderation in that feasting and drinking to which he had often shown himself addicted: and a fever, occasioned or greatly increased, by excessive debauchery put a period to his life at the early age of thirty-three.

Thus died Alexander the Great, one of the greatest men the world has ever seen, and one of the first Europeans to visit the Punjab.



Tourist: "But where are his snakes?"

Villager: "Oh, he's charming them through the microphone."





THE HIRAN MĪNAR  
(DEER MINARET)

At Fatehpur-Sikri, 23 miles from Agra  
The minaret, 70 feet high, is studded with protruding elephant tusks of stone. It is said to be the grave of the Mogul Emperor Akbar's favourite elephant

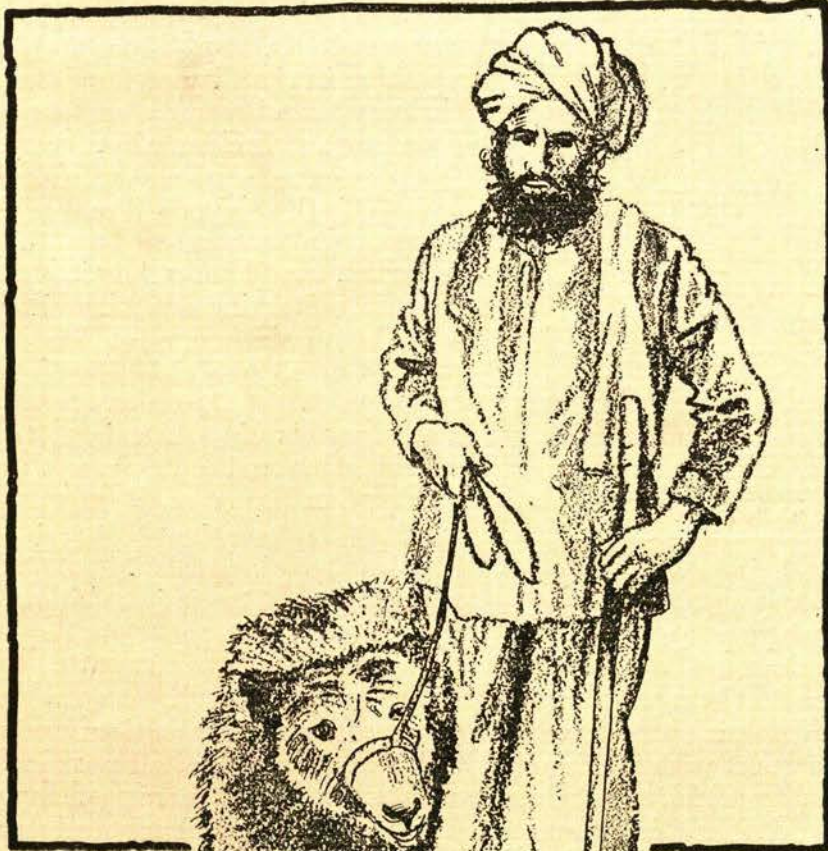




LEAVES  
from an  
ARTIST'S  
SKETCH BOOK



A Waziri

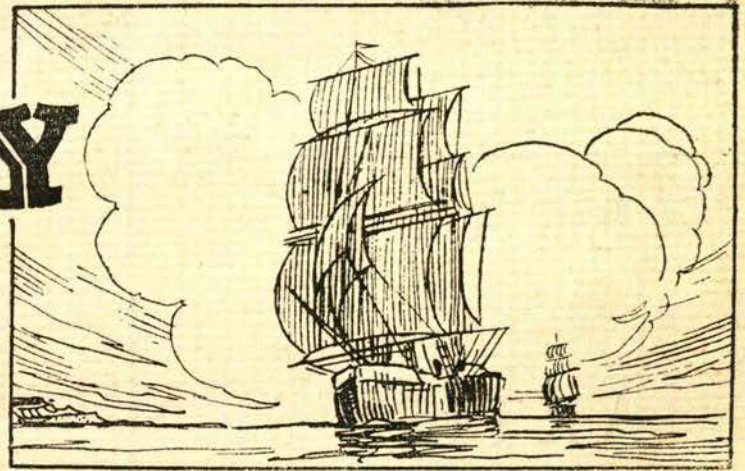


The  
Bhalloo-wallah



# PIRATES AT PLAY

**BY C. GREY**



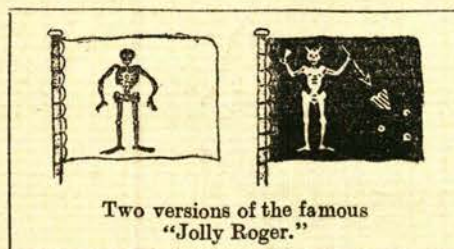
THE popular idea of old-time Pirates is, as grimly truculent ruffians clad in blood-stained garments and bristling with hangers and pistols, whose occupation was murder, plunder and outrage, and recreation, carousing and carving each other, the latter by way of keeping their hands in.

The former is fairly correct, though the English Pirates seldom murdered in wantonness, whilst as to the latter we have several accounts. Firstly, we read that Joseph Morris, late of "Avery's Company, having lost all his jewels on a wager went mad and leapt overboard." Secondly, Samuel Perkins, a pardoned informer, deposed that at Madagascar, in December 1698, "fourteen men who had come ashore from the Companies of Coates, Mason and Tew, by consent, divided themselves into two bands to fight for what they jointly possessed, saying it was not sufficient for so many. One of the two parties was entirely destroyed, and of the other, but two were left, whereof one killed the other and enjoyed all the booty amounting to £5,000."

As to carousing, here follows the testimony of Captain Snelgrave, taken by the Pirate Cocklyn on Christmas Day, 1718.

"Having fired several salvos to celebrate their victory, the Pirates hailed their comrades

(in the boats) informing them that they had taken a great ship with all manner of good liquor aboard and plenty of fresh provisions. Then they ordered many geese, ducks and fowls to be killed, which being done all were thrown into the great boiler without any other preparation than drawing the guts and singeing the great feathers. They also put in several Westphalian hams and killed the old sow though great with pig, which they only disembowelled and broke up, leaving the hair on, and directing the cook to boil all together out of hand.



"Which being done, they all fell to feasting in a most horrid manner, bringing up barrels of wine and brandy which they drank from buckets and, when they could drink no more, swilling the decks with the liquor. Presently, they all fell to fighting, though so drunk they could hardly stand and in the end fell all together on the decks and slept like pigs amongst their own swill. The next morning they got up more casks of claret and fine brandy out of which they knocked the heads. Then dipping in cans and buckets, they drank their fill some in sport

casting buckets of liquor over the others. For bottle liquor they would not be at the trouble of drawing the corks but nicked off the heads with their hangers."

But they sometimes amused themselves in a lighter fashion whilst their ships were being careened as witness the following account given to Captain Charles Johnson by an ex-pirate "then employed in an honourable vocation in the City of London" (he may have become a company promoter). Incidentally, very few pirates met with a suspensory end. Of the joyous Company whose grim amusement will be recorded, one Thomas Anstis was captain. Starting out with only a boat and six comrades Anstis and his men, by strict attention to business at business times had, by this time, attained to a brigantine and a Company of eighty Gentlemen of Fortune.

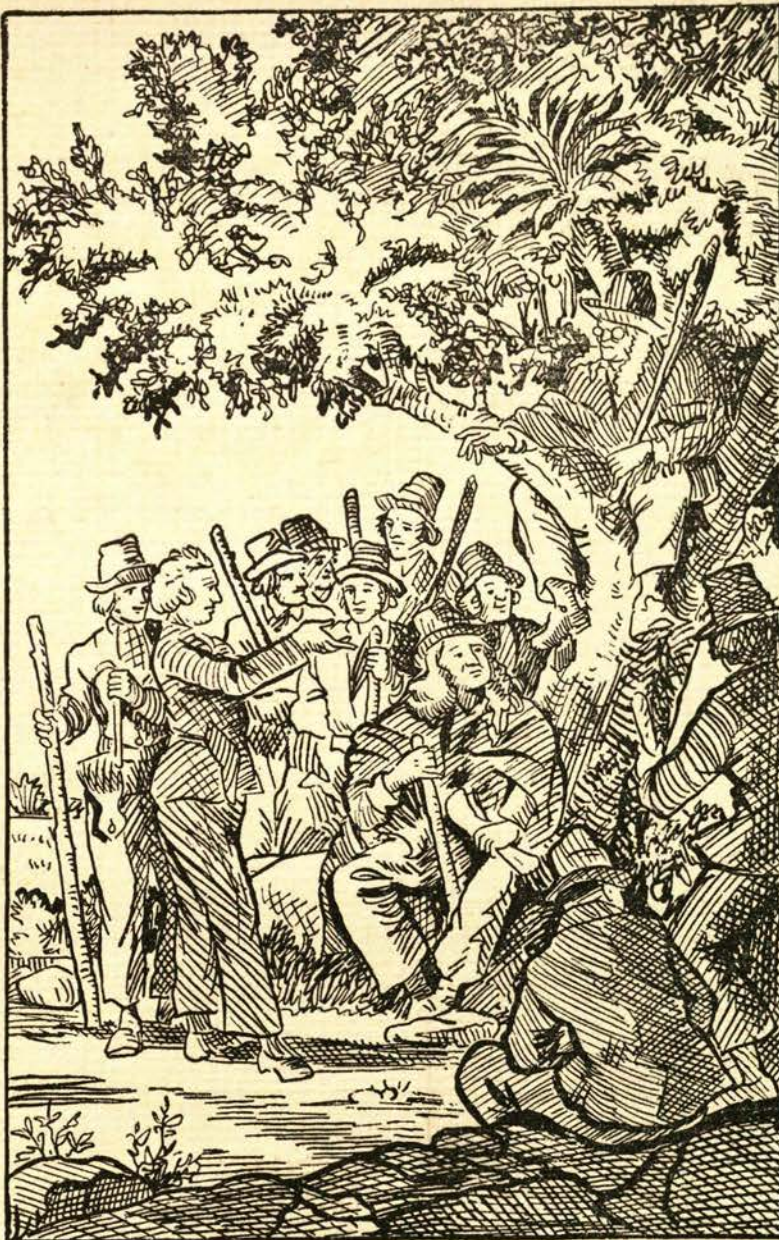
Of those mentioned herein, Charles Topping was killed in action, Howell Davis in taking a Portuguese Fort on the West African Coast, and Walter Kennedy alone attained a well-deserved fate at Execution Dock followed by an exalted position on the river bank below Gravesend. What happened to Anstis will be related later. At this time the Company were all ashore, their ship being run up on the beach for careening, which meant pulling her over on alternate sides in order to get at and remove the marine growths that obstructed her sailing prior to a new voyage. As the



season was yet some time off, they passed their time, after the ship was got ready for sea, in dancing, drinking, gambling, fighting and other diversions agreeable to such persons, one of these being a mock trial, he that was Judge one day being the criminal the next. I had an account of one of these trials and as it appeared diverting, I will give a short account of it. The Court and criminals having been appointed as also the Counsel to plead and the Jury, the Judge got up into the fork of a tree and had a dirty tarpaulin slung over his shoulders by way of robe with a tarred cap on his head and a great pair of spectacles on his nose.

Thus equipped, he settled himself down in his place with abundance of officers attending him below with crows, handspikes, etc., instead of wands, tipstaves and the like. The criminals were brought out, making a thousand sour faces; and one who acted as Attorney-General opened the proceedings against them. The speeches were very laconic and the whole proceedings concise. I shall give it by way of dialogue:

*Attorney-General*: "An't please your lordship, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, here is Walter Kennedy before you, a sad, sad dog, and I hope your Lordship will order him to be hanged out of hand immediately. He has committed Piracy on the High Seas and we shall prove, an't please your Lordship, that this fellow before you, this sad dog before you, has escaped a thousand storms, nay, has got safe ashore when his ship has been



The Pirates' mock trial.

cast away, which is a certain sign that he was not born to be drowned. Yet, not having the fear of God and hanging before his eyes, he went on robbing and ravishing man, woman and child, plundering ships' cargoes, fore and aft, and sinking and burning ship, bark and boat, as if the Devil had been in him.

"But that is not all, my Lord. He hath committed worse villainies than all these, for we shall prove that he hath been guilty of drinking small beer, and your Lordship knoweth well that there was never a sober fellow but was a rogue. My Lord, I should have spoke much finer than I do now, but that, as your Lordship knows, our rum is all

out and how can a man speak good Law, that has not drunk his dram? However, I hope your Lordship will order the fellow to be hanged out of hand."

*Judge Topping*: "Hearkeéme Sirrah, you lousy, pitiful, ill-looking dog; what have you to say why you should not be tuck'd up immediately and set a sun-drying like a scarecrow? Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

*Prisoner*: "Not Guilty an't please your Worship."

*Judge*: "Not Guilty! Say so again, Sirrah and I'll have you hanged without trial."

*Prisoner*: "An't please your Worship's Honour, my Lord, I am as honest a poor fellow as ever went between stem and stern of a ship, and can hand reef and steer and clap two ends of a rope as well as E'er a he that ever crossed salt water. But I was taken by one Charles Topping, a notorious Rogue, as sad a Pirate as ever was unchanged,

and he forced me an't please your Honour.

*Judge*: "Answer me, Sirrah. How will you be tried?"

*Prisoner*: "By God and my country, please your Honour."

*Judge*: "The Devil you will! Why then, Gentlemen of the Jury, I think we have nothing to do but to proceed to judgment."

*Attorney-General*: "Right, my Lord, for if the fellow be allowed to plead he may right himself, and that's an affront to the Court."

*Prisoner*: "Pray, my Lord. I hope your Lordship will consider."

*Judge*: "Consider! How dare you talk of considering! Sirrah! Sirrah! I have never



considered in all my life! I'll make it treason to consider."

*Prisoner*: "But I hope your Lordship will consider some reason."

*Judge*: "D'ye hear how the scoundrel prates! What have I to do with reason? I'd have you know, rascal, that I don't sit here to consider reason. I go according to Law. Law, you villain. Is our dinner ready?"

*Attorney-General*: "Yes, my Lord."

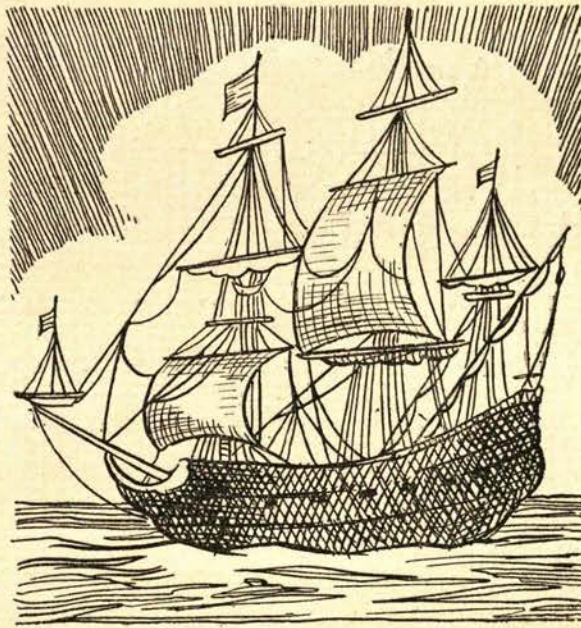
*Judge*: "Then hearken you rascal at the Bar. Hear me, Sirrah, Hear me. You must hang for three reasons: First, because it's not fit that I should sit here for a day and no one be hanged: second you must be hanged because you have a dammed hangdog look; and thirdly you must be hanged out of hand because I am hungry! For know, Sirrah, that if the judge's dinner is ready before the trial is over, the prisoner must incontinently be hanged lest dinner be delayed. There's law for you, you lousy, pitiful dog. So hang him. Take him off, Hangman Davis."

Those who may have read the State Trials of the Monmouth rebels, will recognise much of Judge Jeffries in the Pirate Judge. The Judge who tried Kidd and his fellow pirates held forth much in the same manner.

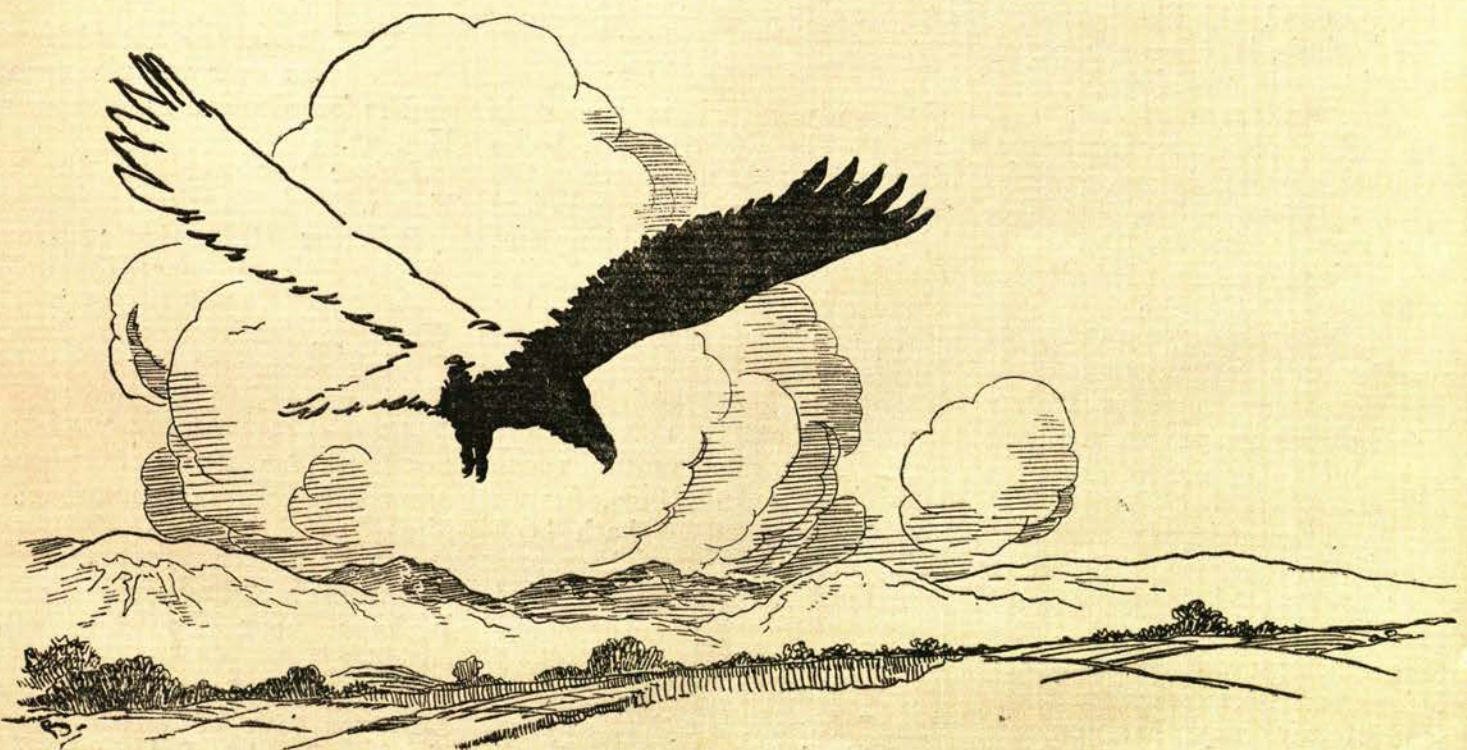
The end of the Company was not long delayed. In April 1722 they put out to sea. After a few paltry prizes, which they plundered and released, they took a brigantine most of whose crew came over to the Pirates who

then split up into two Companies, Anstis, his Quartermaster, Bradley, and about 20 of the old Pirates going aboard the new vessel for a separate cruise. Their high-handed methods towards their new comrades culminated in the latter killing Anstis, Bradley and most of the others whilst they were asleep, after a debauch. The vessel was then surrendered to the authorities at Jamaica, who hanged two of the old Pirates and sent the others to slavery in the plantations.

The other ship was not long after chased ashore at Tobago by a man-of-war, her crew escaping to the woods. Later, a few were taken of whom the Captain, one named Fenn, was hanged. The others ultimately surprised a sloop anchored off the Island in which they crossed the Atlantic, and near Bristol scuttled the ship and going ashore in the boats "dispersed to their several abodes." It was from one of these latter that Johnson obtained the account of the mock trial.



A pirates' ship.  
From a 17th Century Woodcut.







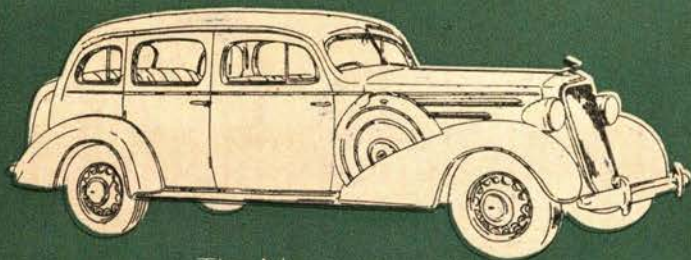
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### THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR

Amritsar takes its name from the sacred tank—"The Pool of Immortality"—in the centre of which the Temple is built

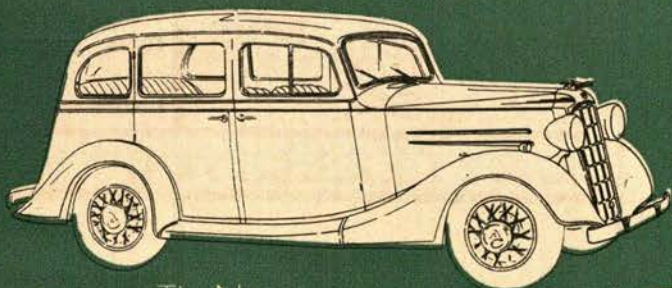


# PIONEERS OF QUALITY

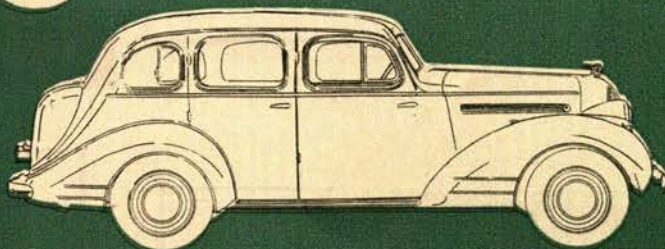


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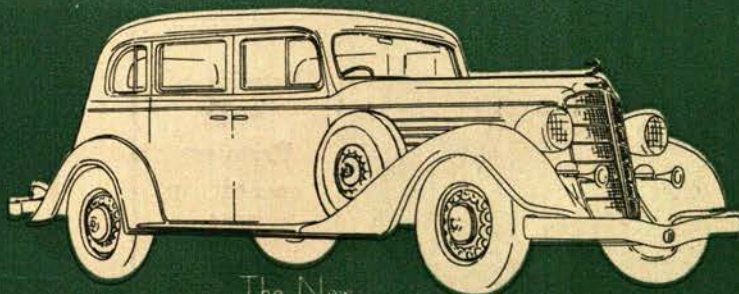


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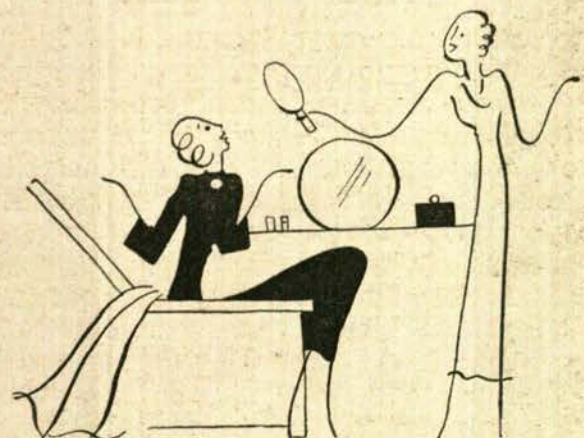


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# SOLDIERING *in* BYGONE DAYS



## The Centurion

partner of many years of joy, or sorrow, or serene comfort, has departed to the snug seclusion of Blanket Haven, there to fondly dream of those far from us, whilst those who remain have departed to participate in those Corybantic revels wherewith youth of all ages has ever welcomed the coming of a New Year.

Musingly do I gaze with ever-deepening introspection into the glowing caverns and adown the dim vistaed corridors of the past through which flit shadowy scenes and figures from the days "when all the world was young." Then was it an unopened oyster wherein for me might lurk the pearls of rank and fortune, rather than the putridity of misfortune concealed within the shell of disappointment. Stored in the niched walls of these corridors of time, are memories of men and incidents, grave and gay, of comedy or tragedy, of love and hate, of success and failure and of high adventure, each awaiting the chord that will wake it to responsive life.

In slow succession do they emerge and pass onward each arousing its kindred tribute of sigh or smile or quickened pulse as they linger in the glowing caverns before they fade away. First shows a snow-clad woodland scene faintly lit by a waning moon. Along the ferny glade trudges a country lad loudly whistling to keep up his scanty courage for this is the rumoured haunt of "Herne the Hunter," the "Demon of Windsor Forest." Suddenly across the glade bounds a stag of ten, hard chased by a pack of open-mouthed hounds waved on by a spectre horseman, high brandishing a great curved hunting horn from which pours a misty cloud. In a breath they come, and in a breath they silently go, leaving a chastened youth a memory that never fades.

Now slowly forms a scene of a wide expanse of sandy valley between arid dunes, the flat studded with low bare rocks and sandy scrub. Midway is halted a great square of British Infantry from whose sides incessantly belch clouds of thick black smoke, hanging low and



Q UCE again has the ever-cycling Scythesman swept past for another harvest, and still ungathered, do I sit within this peaceful room, whilst without the wintry tumult speeds the Doomsman to his eternal round. Fiercely does the tempest bluster through the wide verandah noisily rattling the summer-shrunk windows as if envious of the peace within, whilst above the rain viciously lashes the skylights with intermittent gusts.

Within the big room, lit only by the glowing embers of the log fire, do I sit alone for the faithful



THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.—A sketch by a military officer of the crossing of the Twsa River by the Somersetshire Light Infantry during the Burmese War.



almost veiling the vast horde of leaping savages advancing on them. Though a multitude fall, the survivors come on undaunted, to be shot down as they reach the bayonets. Even then a few wriggle forward under the smoke veil to grasp the bayonets, and drive home a final spear thrust before they die.

At our near corner stands an archaic machine-gun, its crew frantically working to clear the jam before the Dervishes close in. In vain! Up sweep a desperate band before whose shovel-headed spears and great two-handed swords the gun crew fall while the victors sweep into the square. But their triumph is short. Turning about, the rear ranks of the square make short work of the invaders and a few minutes later not a living Dervish remains in the square, whilst those without sullenly retire to the dunes.

Now emerges a scene of dense sub-tropical jungle. Along the narrow track through the scrub, above which tower enormous trees dimming the light and stilling the air, comes a long line of English soldiers on stocky Burmese ponies, their khaki drill garments reeking with sweat as from a bath. At their head rides an officer to whose pony's tail is secured by the wrists a fearful Burmese guide, wincing as the soldier following prods him onwards with a rifle muzzle. Anon the column halts, the soldiers dismount and leaving the ponies to the horse-holders, extend and silently creep forward to the jungle edge, beyond which, across a clearing, stands a stockaded village.

Suddenly they rise and rush forward, a few dropping to the rifle fire from the now fire-belching stockade. Leaving them to the following medicals, the soldiers sweep on, and clambering over or pulling down the bamboo fence, disappear into the village, firing or bayoneting as they go, for this village has long harboured a murderous gang of dacoits overlong due for extirpation. Fades the scene.

Now slowly materialises a wide expanse of dusty plain bordered on one side by a long low range of barracks. On the plain stands, in grim rigidity, a great three-sided formation of horse, foot and artillery, clad in the full dress uniforms of the last century. Midway in the open side facing them I see an elevated platform screened round with canvas, from which rises a gallows with dependent rope. Now, from the right corner of the outer wing emerges a melancholy procession of death. First come a band with crape-bound drums and instruments, pacing slowly to the Death March.

Then appears a clergyman in full canonicals, prayer book in hand, behind whom comes a soldier guarded by four others with fixed bayonets, preceding



WITH ROBERTS IN AFGHANISTAN.—The 59th Regiment storming Sebundi Pass.

a coffin borne by four men. Slowly the dread procession paces along the open space to the foot of the gallows, itself the only sign of moving life, save for the slight movement in the ranks of the infantry, consequent on the removal of some overwrought and overcome young soldier.... Fade away the serried ranks, leaving solitary against the new risen sun, the bared platform beneath which heavily swings the body of him, to whom fate assigned the "Ace of Spades," and the perpetration of that awful deed for which he has now paid the penalty.

So they come and fade away. Presently the increasing tumult of the wind and the lashing of the rain on the skylights evokes a scene of wildly tossing slate-black waves, rarely tipped by transient foam, and above them, of murky masses of scudding clouds rent by occasional dazzling streaks of orange-red flame. Through transient breaks in the clouds, silver edging them with its pale gleams, the December moon shines down, revealing a vessel of a type long vanished from the seas labouring before the storm with a rag or two of steady sail and a fiercely smoking funnel.

Once a lordly Liner on the Bombay run, this doubly composite ship of iron and wood, of steam and sail, has descended to the lowly rôle of a troop transport, presaging the last of all, the Pilgrim traffic. On through the raging night she plunges and rolls, her bows now soaring high, and now buried to bowsprit butt, whilst her racing screw quivers her from stern to bow as she runs before the storm that welcomed her as she cleared the "Heads of Kinsale." Within her are battened down near upon 2,000 "Soldiers of the Queen," outward bound for the Soudan Wars.

Of this, now far from joyous, company was the writer, whom a glib-tongued Sergeant Kite had beguiled with glowing tales of the Golden East, where the private soldier was waited on by subser-vient menials, and dallied with nut brown houris





*Bombay Harbour seen from Belmont  
Sept 1821*

# BOMBAY HARBOUR

Seen from Belmont

We reproduce this delicate pencil sketch which was drawn in September 1821, through the courtesy of Mr. G. G. Darvell

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in the intervals of slaying the enemies of the Queen and gathering *spolia opima* from them. When one saw the conditions of the private soldier's life in India and the concoctions placed before him by the brown Borgias of the cookhouse; then he had ruefully to acknowledge that Sergeant Kite had few equals and no superiors in the art of catching mugs.

Thanks to some previous experience in the choppy waters of the North Sea, I was *seised* of good sea legs and stomach, on which account I was appointed lance-corporal to the guard, a position which gave its members a privileged position, all to themselves in the bowels of the ship. The duties were not arduous, mainly consisting of posting sentries to prevent soldiers from going anywhere or doing anything offensive to authority. Which was pretty well everything. My previous sea experience warned me that the storm was getting so violent as to be dangerous, so when the order went forth to batten down and withdraw the sentries, I omitted to withdraw myself, and made for an empty hammock locker bolted down to the quarter deck which I had marked down before.

Taking a lifebuoy in case of need, I snuggled down unobserved, it being dark, and let time slip by. The storm grew worse and worse until the big seas that commenced to sweep over the deck so shook my shelter that, fearing it might take a *solus* cruise in the Bay, I decided to quit it for an empty horse box in the waist whose original occupant I had helped to cast overboard that afternoon, it having died from the violent buffeting. I had just gained the foot of the companion ladder leading down to the well deck, when a most terrific gust swept up, tearing the steadying foresail from its bolt ropes and sending it far into the night with a rending clap.

At the same moment a huge sea struck her on the port beam, causing the ship to heel over till

her yard caps must have near touched the waves. For what seemed a long time, she hung in the balance, whilst I clung to the companion ladder with arms and legs wreathed through it. Just as she seemed about to capsize, the whole of the ponderous horse boxes and galleys on the port side broke away from their fastenings, and careering across the deck, plunged through the bulwarks into the sea. Lightened by this, apparently, the ship came up to an even keel, and once again staggered forward into the pitchy night.

Drenched, breathless and nerve-shattered, I clung to the ladder, from which I was pulled away a few moments later by the officer of the Watch and quartermasters, who came to clear away any wreckage. Wisely enough, I pretended to be too dazed to explain how I came to be there, so the officer had me taken to the forecabin and from thence pushed through into the main troop deck. Imagine it ?? Near upon 2,000 men were crammed into one-third of a 3,000 ton ship. This deck alone had somewhere about 600, all sea-sick to a man. From the deck beams depended hundreds of hammocks filled with men who desired nothing but death, whilst below on the low platform made by the lowered forms and tables, lay an even greater number.

These poor devils were in even worse case, for to the gruesome evidence of their own condition, those above had added as much more. The stench was terrific and felt even more after the clean air above. Those being the days before electric light, the only illumination was by a few candles behind thick glass shades fastened to the sides of the ship. Picking my way through or over the ghastly heaps, I gained the ladder to the lower deck, where matters were quite as bad, and from there descended to the cockpit, where abode the guard, now all off duty. Fortunately the sergeant was asleep, therefore saving inconvenient enquiries. Meet the Guard, as tough a collection of sickness-proof and cheery lads as one could wish for.

Under a couple of candle lanterns were gathered half a dozen, each with a can of ration porter purloined from those who had no use for it, intent on a game of "Nap" with cards of which the backs were to them as eloquent as the fronts. No chance about that game. However, as each shuffled in turn, the game was equalised. Dealing the cards was Slasher Ryan, a Liverpool Irishman, who derived his nickname from his fighting tactics. He was ever ready to fight and usually successful by reason of his terrific onslaught. In the circle were Tommy Tucker, Peter Wilkins, Gipsy Dare, Lakri Wood, and Dapper Jones.

All save Wood were ex-firemen or longshore lads from the Cinque Ports



AN ELEPHANT BATTERY IN AFGHANISTAN.  
Guns going into action during the punitive expedition into Afghanistan.



as sea-proof as the firemen. Peter Wilkins as a boy had served on the Guardship "London" on the West Africa Coast and could keep us agog for hours with cuffers concerning his experiences in chasing slavedhows and weird adventures in such romantic places as Old Calabar, St. Paul de Loando and a few others, which Slasher would cap with



"So I perceive," drily remarked the Colonel.

Iquique, Ilo Ilo, or Rio Janeiro. Probably both were mostly lying, but after all the tale's the thing. Why quibble about the veracity of a well told story?

Tucker and Dare had varied firing by an occasional spell of militia training in that Tower Hamlets Corps of which it was said that the Colonel substituted vulcanite for gold plates when the training commenced and the officers emptied their pockets before going on parade. Dapper Jones was a ship's steward and Lakri Wood a smacksman from Hull, both the latter very peeved at having been called up from the Reserve just as their term was about to expire. Such were the men of the Victorian army. Incidentally, of the 2,000 aboard, quite 500 were from the Reserve.

My appearance broke up the game. Seeing how drenched and miserably cold I was, the lot hustled about to strip and rub me down with shark-skin towels (old army), purloin dry garments from those no longer able to guard them and pour something like half a gallon of life-saving porter down my neck, before I snuggled down on a thick bed of blankets procured in like manner as the garments. I slept till well into the next forenoon, by which time the sea, which had apparently reached its height with that which nearly capsized the ship had abated sufficiently, to allow the hatches to be removed, and the sea-sick wretches to be driven on deck whilst their truly Augean stable was cleansed.

Next day the Colonel, who was in command, it being a transport (they had no standing in a trooper) having partly recovered from his own sea weakness, announced his intention of inspecting the decks and seeing the men at dinner. At 12-30 the feast was spread. On each side of long narrow tables sat rows of pallid wrecks loathsomely eyeing the garbage spread before them, humorously called DINNER by the authorities. In accordance with the best custom, it comprised soup, joint, vegetables and pudding, all washed down with porter of remarkable strength and thickness.

Soup was the water in which the oily, rancid saltpetre-hardened pork, or the equally repulsive

salt beef, mostly bones and fat, such lean as there was being hard enough to carve match-boxes from (in fact I saw it done) had been boiled. The joint was this same beef or pork, occasionally varied by Australian salt mutton in tins, this latter being tallow interspersed with a few strings of pallidly purple

lean meat. On those days we got no soup. The vegetables were of the preserved variety reminiscent, when boiled, of the pig tub at the old home. Fresh meat we never saw (save on long voyages when we put in at ports). Pudding or duff was a mixture of flour and water, rancid suet, or slush skimmed from the coppers, a small amount of sugar and raisins as infrequent as islands in the Atlantic.

As meat, vegetables and duff were all tied up in a net made from tarred string and flung into the copper to boil, the soup had a unique flavour on that account alone. This was added to by the pannikin being also used for the porter ration, which latter was always strained through an old sock, like the pannikin, imperfectly cleansed for lack of hot water. Add pickles of faded yellow or arsenical green, covered with a yellow fluid, and biscuit iron hard in texture, dirty grey in colour and not seldom crawling with weevils, and you have our New Year's banquet.

However, use is everything and long before the end of a voyage the troops completely cleared the decks of even this garbage. But that stage had not yet been attained, so the weaker vessels sat regarding the feast with a loathing the worse for its silence. After some time, stentorian bawlings and hammering of canes on tables announced the approach of a long string of Copperheads headed by the Colonel, a noted gourmet whose book on "How to Dine" was renowned in such circles. Poor old chap. Only a strong sense of duty had induced him to brave the horrors of the round, for his stomach was still queasy and he knew the horrors of the Middle Passage of the troop decks of old.

At the head of our table stood the mess orderly, old Baldy Russell, a long service man well known to the Colonel. In one hand he bore a tin plate on which squatted a lump of sodden duff, and in the other a pannikin full of muddy black porter.

"Any complaints?" queried the C.O., apprehensively, eyeing Baldy and his offerings.

"No, Sir," answered the corporal (as in duty bound).



Then came Baldy's turn. In preparation he had already absorbed something like a gallon of the porter undesired by weaker vessels. Holding out the pannikin and grinning ingratiatingly, Baldy said :

"New Year's Day, Sir, try a drop of our purge, beg pardon, Sir, porter. Good luck to the troops, Sir, another bleedin' medal, Sir. Do us proud, Sir. Real good stuff, Sir. I knows it, Sir."

"So I perceive," drily remarked the Colonel as he shudderingly took the pannikin and loathingly absorbed about a wineglassful of the treacly compound. "Good luck, men, in the coming campaign," and he made to move off.

"Hold hard, Sir, just a minute, Sir, no cake, Sir, try our duff, Sir. Real good stuff, Sir. Made it myself, Sir. Just to oblige the troops, Sir," and he held forth a piece impaled on a rusty pronged steel fork.

Once more did the Colonel's sense of duty overcome his loathing, so he heroically took and swallowed the horrid stuff.

As he was about to move on, his eye caught a toeless sock hanging on the table slings. Originally grey, it had now become a brownish green through constant use as a pudding cloth and on off days as

a table swab. Stabbing it with his cane, the Colonel angrily exclaimed :

"What a filthy, loathsome rag, dreadful, beastly, disgraceful. Have the poisonous thing thrown away at once. Do you hear?"

Following the Colonel's stick, Baldy cheerfully exclaimed :

"That, Sir, nothing wrong with that, Sir. Our porter strainer—our pudding bag, Sir. Quite clean, Sir. Boiled this duff in it, Sir."

"Good God!" faltered the Colonel, Good God!! And then with one hand to his mouth and the other on his stomach, he made a wild rush for the companion ladder.

But it happened first! Long and loud laughed the troops. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

NOTE.—It is a curious coincidence that just after this was written I read James Agate's "Ego." In that he relates that whilst he was serving in the War, his batman, who usually served dinner in shirt sleeves, came in one day fully dressed. After much pressing as to this unwonted garb, he confessed that he had no shirt on, it being still wet, as he had boiled the suet pudding in it!



A PALM-FRINGED COAST.  
A scene in Southern India.





SHE: "Do you find living in the Army expensive?"  
HE: "Well, that all depends on the mess you are in."

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THE PADAM SAGAR TANK AT JODHPUR

In the background is the Fort



# HUNTING A MIRACLE



city or elsewhere," and waved his little hands in circles to show the vastness of his knowledge. A booking-clerk could it be possible that he was of the Arya Samaj?—had also heard of the Sadhu, and, pen in hand,

denounced him as an impostor, a "bad person" and a "fraudulent mendicant." He grew so excited and jabbed his pen so viciously into the air, that his questioner fled to a ticca-gharri, where he was prompted by some Imp of Perversity to simulate extreme ignorance of the language and verdant griffinerie to deceive the driver. So he said twice with emphasis—"Sadhu?" "Jehan," said the driver, "fush-class, Durbar Sahib."

Then the fare thrust out his tongue, and the scales fell from the driver's eyes. "Bahut acchha" said the driver, and without further parley headed into the trackless desert that encircles Fort Govindghar. The Sahib's word conveyed no meaning to him, but he understood the gesture; and, after a while, turned the carriage from a road to a maidan.

Close to the Lahore Veterinary School lies a cool, brick-built *pipal*-shaded monastery, studded with the tombs of the pious founders, adorned with steps,

terraces and winding paths, which is known as Chajju Bhagat's *Chubara*. This place is possessed with the spirit of peace and is filled by priests in salmon-coloured loin cloths and a great odour of sanctity. The Amritsar driver had halted in the very double of the Lahore *chubara*—assuring his fare that here and nowhere else would be found the Sadhu with the miraculous tongue.

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Indeed the surroundings were such as delight the holy men of the East. There was a sleepy breeze through the *pipals* overhead, and a square court crammed with pigeonholes where one might sleep; there were also fair walls and mounds and little mud platforms, against or on which fires for cooking could be built, and there were wells by the dozen. There were priests by the score who sprang out of the dust, and slid off balconies or rose from *charpays* as enquiries were made for the Sadhu. They were nice priests, sleek, full-fed, thick-jowled beasts undefiled by wood-ash or turmeric, and mostly good looking. The younger priests stated that the Sadhu with the tongue had betaken himself to another *chubara* some miles away and was even then being worshipped by hordes of admirers. They did not specify the exact spot, but pointed vaguely in the direction of Jandiala. However, the driver said he knew and made haste to depart. The priests pointed out courteously that the weather was warm, and that it would be better to rest a while before starting. So a rest was called and while he sat in the shadow of the gate of the courtyard, the Englishman realised for a few minutes why it is that, now and then, men of his race,

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ARCHING orders as vague as the following, naturally ended in confusion: "There's

a man somewhere in Amritsar or outside it, or somewhere, who cut off his tongue some days ago, and says it's grown again. Go and look."

Amritsar is a city with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, more or less, and so huge that a tramway runs round the walls. To lay hands on one particular man of all the crowd was not easy; for the tongue having grown again, he would in no way differ from his fellows. Now, had he remained tongueless an inspection of the mouths of the passers-by would have been some sort of guide. However, dumb or tongued, all Amritsar, as L. R. told you yesterday, knew about him. The small Parsee boy who appears to run the refreshment-room alone, volunteered the startling information that the "Sadhu without the tongue could be found all anywhere, in the



suddenly going mad, turn to the people of this land and become their priests; as did the famous de Russet who lived for a time with the *fakir* on the top of Jakko. The miraculous idleness, the monumental sloth of the place; the silence as the priests settled down to sleep one by one; the drowsy drone of one of the younger men who had thrown himself stomach-down in the warm dust and was singing under his breath; the warm airs from across the maidan and the faint smell of burnt *ghi* and incense, laid hold of the mind and limbs till, for at least fifteen seconds, it seemed that life would be a good and a desirable thing if one could doze, and bask, and smoke from the rising of the sun till the twilight—a fat hog among fat hogs.

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Then the chase was resumed and the gharri drove to Jandiala—more or less. It abandoned the main roads completely, although it was a “fush-class” and comported itself like an *ekka*, till Amritsar sunk on the horizon, or thereabouts, and it pulled up at a second *chubara* more peaceful and secluded than the first and fenced with a thicker belt of trees. There was an eruption

under the horses' feet and a scattering of dust which presently settled down and showed a beautiful young man with a head such as artists put on the shoulders of Belial. It was the head of an unlicked devil, marvellously handsome, and it made the horses shy. Belial knew nothing of the Sadhu who had cut out the tongue. He scowled at the driver, scowled at the fare, and then settled down in the dust, laughing wildly and pointing to the earth and the sky. Now for a native to laugh aloud, without reason, publicly and at high noon is a gruesome thing and calculated to chill the blood. Even the sight of silver coinage had no effect on Belial. He dilated his nostrils, pursed his lips, and gave himself up to renewed ecstasies of mirth. As there seemed to be no one else in the *chubara*, the carriage drove away, pursued by the laughter of the Beautiful Young Man in the Dust. A priest was caught wandering on the road, but, for long, he denied all knowledge of the Sadhu. In vain the Englishman protested that he came as a humble believer in cold tongue; that he carried an offering of rupees for the Sadhu; that he regarded the Sadhu as one of the leading men of the century,

and would render him immortal for at least twelve hours. The priest was dumb. He was next bribed—extortionately bribed—and said that the Sadhu was at the Durbar Sahib, preaching. To the Golden Temple accordingly the carriage went and found the regular array of ministers and the eternal passage of Sikh women round and round the *Grunth*; which things have been more than once described in this paper. But there was no Sadhu. An old Nihang, grey-haired and sceptical—for he had lived some thirty years in a church as it were—was sitting on the steps of the tank, dabbling his feet in the water. “O Sahib,” said he blandly, “what concern have you with a miraculous Sadhu? You are not a Poliswala. And, O Sahib, what concern has the Sadhu with you?”

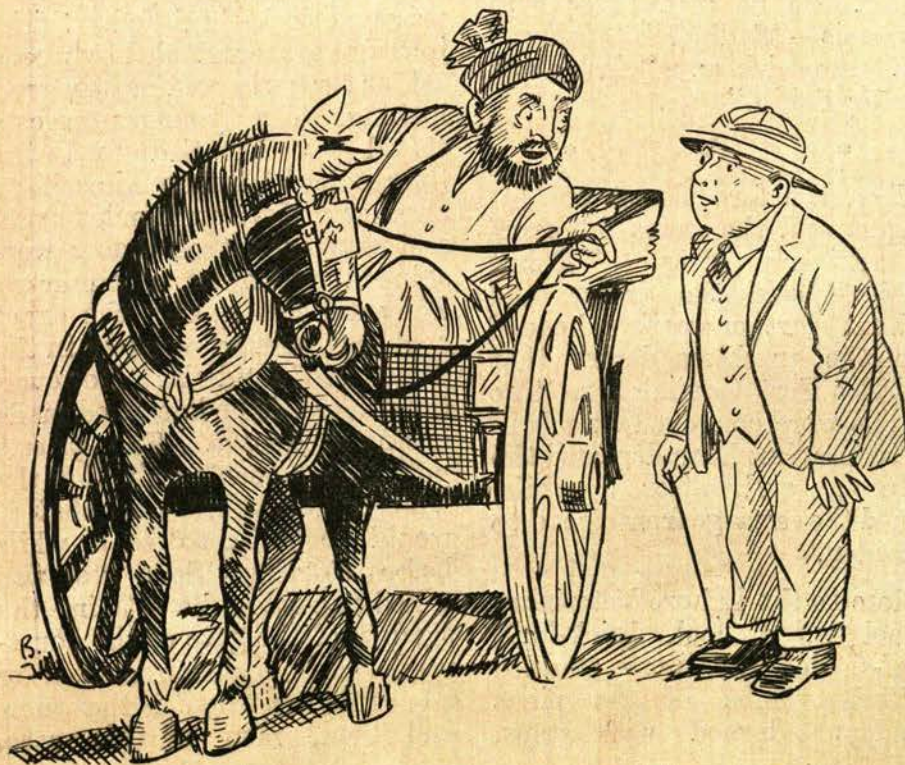
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The Englishman explained with heat—for fruitless shikar in the middle of an October day is trying to the temper—his adventures at the various *chubaras* not omitting the incident of the Beautiful Young Man in the Dust. The Nihang smiled shrewdly—“Without doubt, Sahib, these men have told you lies. They do not want you to see the Sadhu; and the Sadhu does not desire to see you. This affair is an affair for the *kala admis* and not for Sahibs. The *barkat* of Sitla is increased; but you do not do *puja* to Sitla.”

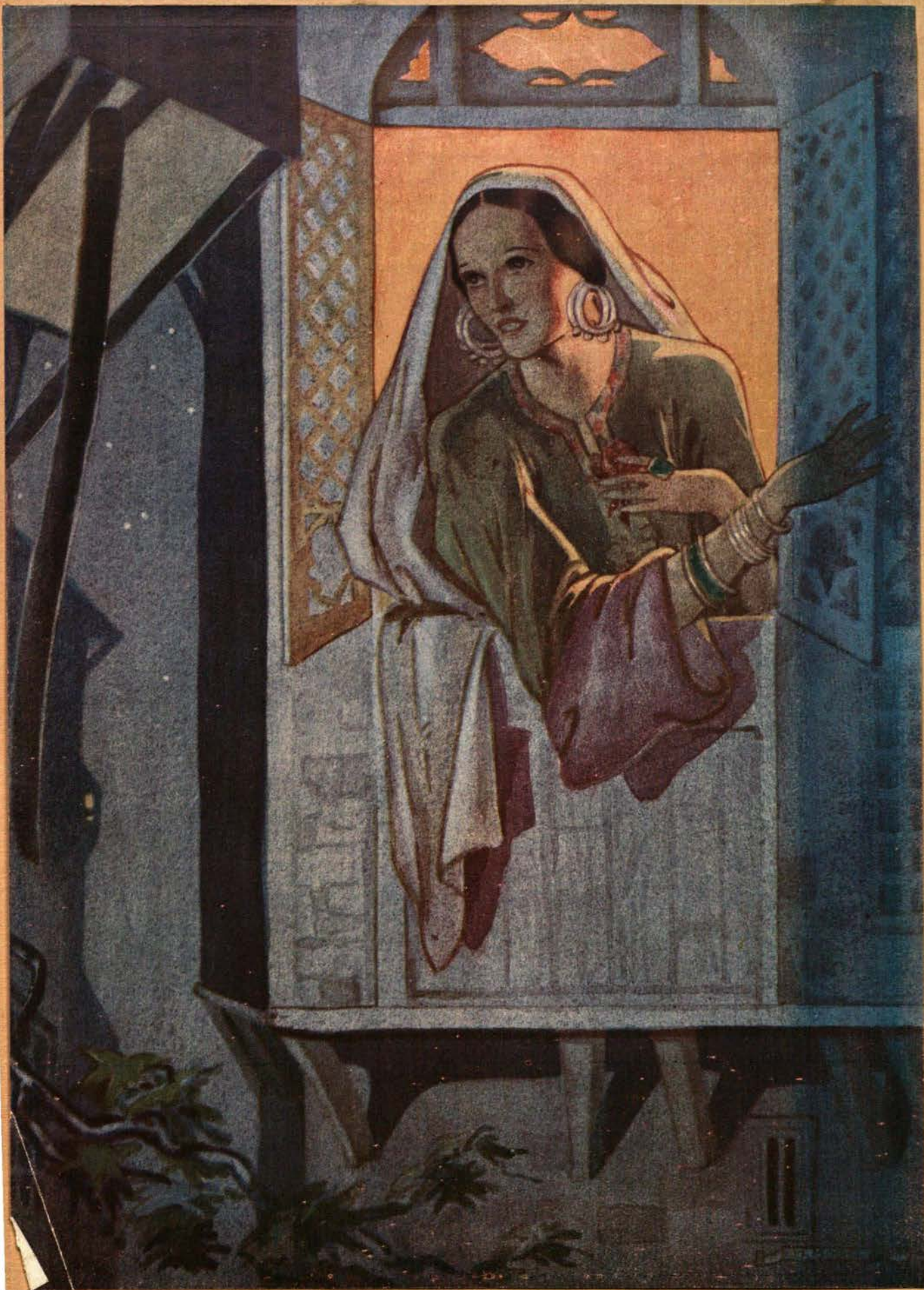
So saying, he gravely began to undress and waddled into the water.

Then the Englishman perceived that he had been basely betrayed by the gharri-driver, and all the priests of the first *chubara*, and the wandering priest near the second *chubara*; and that the only sensible person was the Beautiful Young Man in the Dust, and he was mad.

This vexed the Englishman, and he came away. If Sadhus cut out their tongues and if the great Sitla restores them, the goddess' devotee might at least have the common decency to allow himself to be——?







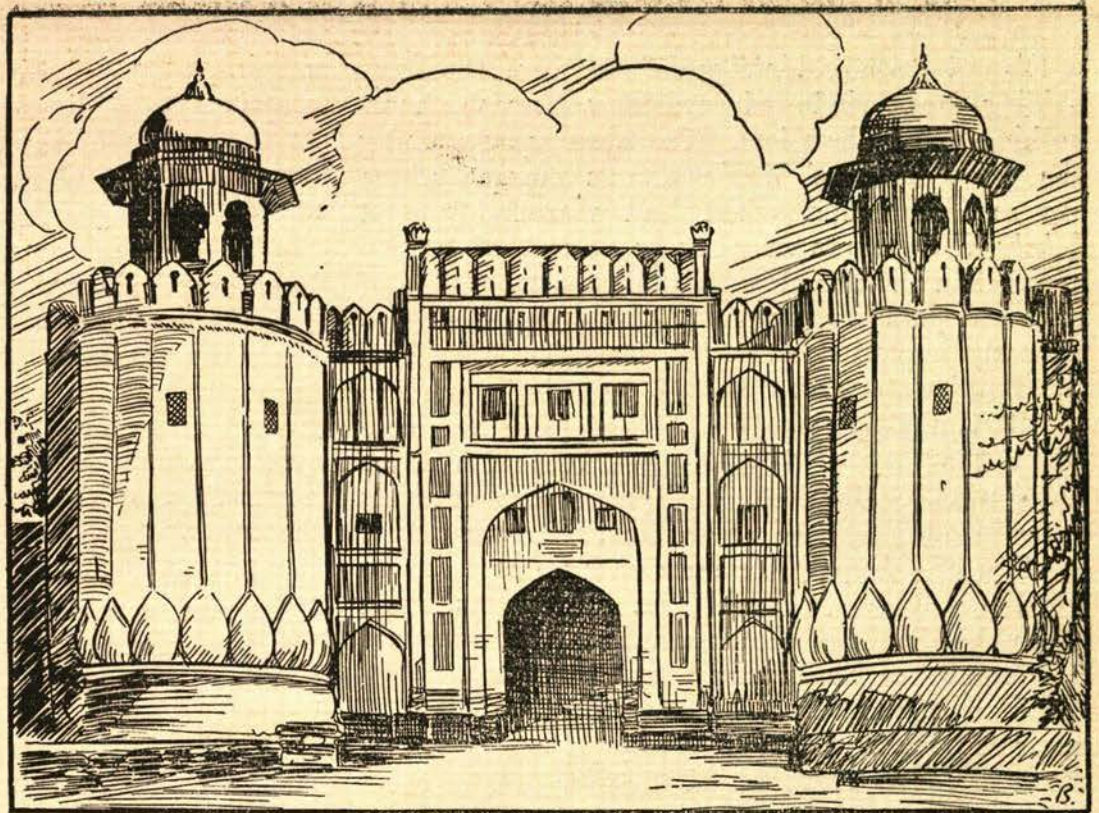
*A Water Colour painting by Miss M. M. Kays*

ASHOO AT HER LATTICE

(From "On Jhelum River.")



The Main Gate  
LAHORE FORT



## THE CITY OF TWO CREEDS

**T**WO years ago, Lahore at the end of the hot weather was enlivened by a small Moharram fight in the City, and the outcries of many *banniahs*. A British regiment, to the extent of four companies, was dug out of its bed at Mian Mir, the 14th B. L. smote with their lance-butts on the toes of the peace-breakers and Lahore Fort was crowded with riotous-subalterns, while most of the high officials in the station mounted horses and ran hither and thither. In the dearth of other news, down-country papers called the scuffle "Riots" and the "Lahore Riots", it has remained in the memory of man ever since. Forty-one years ago, it may be mentioned incidentally, when an over-zealous sword-maker was hanged outside the Delhi gate in the early morning, the night's work in which he had taken a leading part was dignified with no loftier title than that of "a disturbance."

This year's Moharram has passed with a peace that was almost dullness. No one threw bricks into the tinselled *tazias*, and none except the police excited their neighbours with *lathis*. A "processional" conflict in one of the narrow *gullies* when all are so tightly packed that they can do nothing save shout abuse is worth seeing, and still more impressive is the rush that follows, on a rumour that the *gora-log* are coming. But Lahore has given up these dissipations under the benign influence of an Indian municipality and the educa-

tion of the University. Because many hundreds of years ago Yezid, son of Mawwya, first of the Ommiad Caliphs of Damascus, met, on the plains of Kerbela, west of the Euphrates, and slew Hussain and Hassan, sons of Ali, First or Fourth (as you are Shiah or Sunni) of the Caliphs, and of Fatma, his wife, it is now necessary for every Deputy Commissioner in the Province, once a year to spend half the night in a native city while the representations of the tombs of the butchered and Blessed Imams stagger up and down the ways. The consequences of any act, some moralists hold, are infinite and eternal; and this instance backs the theory.

On Wednesday, as soon as the darkness fell, the drums began throbbing in the heart of the city though the three and twenty *tazias* were not to begin moving till half-past eleven. This year, as in previous ones, there did not seem to be the slightest attempt towards a massing of spectacular effect. As in the famous Caucus race, witnessed by "Alice in Wonderland," the *tazias* began where they liked and left off as seemed good to them. A little trouble on the part of the owners, a little foresight and a careful disposition of torches would have done great things. The City by night, and by moonlight more particularly, supplies one of the most fascinating, if least savoury, walks in the station. The yard-wide *gullies* into which the moonlight cannot struggle are full of mystery, stories



of life and death and intrigue of which we, the Mall-abiding, open-windowed purdahless English, know nothing and believe less. The open square, under the great front of Wazir Khan's mosque where any man may find a bed and remarkably good *kababs*, if he knows where to go, is full of beauty even when the noonday heat silences the voices of men and puts the pigeons of the mosque to sleep. Properly exploited, our City, from the Taksali to the Delhi Gate, and from the wrestling-ground to the Badami Bagh, would yield a store of novels to which the City of Sunshine would be "as water unto wine." However, until some one lifts its name into the light of a new fame, Lahore is only a fraction of a Deputy Commissioner's charge, to be watched, drained, coaxed and scolded as such. From the Delhi Gate to the Sunehri Masjid—was it the founder or the architect of this mosque who, ignoble end, was slipped to death by a too powerful mistress?—runs the main artery of the city, the Road of Globe Trotters and inferior folk of their kidney. At the Golden Masjid, a little beyond the cloth-sellers' shops, the first *tazias*, a gorgeous arrangement in tin and tinsel, was reeling and plunging like a ship in a heavy sea. It is the proud privilege of all the little boys who can, by any means, lay hands upon them to carry the torches of rolled rag dipped in oil. The boys were prancing and squealing with impatience, occasionally chasing each other across the road, and under the legs of the mounted policeman's horse who was a patient beast and went to sleep when the drums were beaten under his venerable nose. As the hour of the general move forward to the Shahalmi Gate drew nearer, the din increased; *tazia* answering *tazia* and the gullies holding the roll of the drums as the hills hold thunder.

The Mochi Darwaza *tazias* were some four or five in number and had packed themselves into an especially narrow street which they did their best to choke. Seen from the safe shelter of a well-curb the movement was picturesque; but after a few years the eye of the dweller in this country becomes seared and his heart hardens, so that the finest effects of red light and black shadow, seas of turbans, upturned faces and arms tossed aloft fail to impress him as anything new or startling. The heat—and the heat in the City even on a September night was inconvenient—the smells and the noise touch him as keenly as ever; but it is impossible to wax enthusiastic over these things.

A *tazia* advanced, swayed, shook, retreated, was driven back, dived forward and passed with a yell, a shout, a patter of hundreds of feet, a blaze of torches and a rain of lighted tow, to be

succeeded by another *tazia*, another mob and occasionally a brass band of terrible quality. In the pauses of the procession the *gutkas* leapt into the middle of the way and fought with lath swords carrying armguards to the elbow. With the best will in the world, and all possible desire to recover "the first fine careless rapture" of the griffin who gazes on the gaudier aspects of the East, the attention wandered from the crowd to the watch, and interest was swallowed up in a yawn. There had been no trouble, the city was quiet and another Moharram had been safely tided over. Beyond the city walls lay civilization in the shape of iced drinks and spacious roads.

But one feature of the last night of the Moharram, cannot be overlooked. In the broader streets surrounded by the faithful, sat Maulvis reading the story of the death of the Blessed Imams. Their *mimbars* were of the rudest, but the walls behind them were in most cases gay, with glass lamps, cuckoo-clocks, vile "export" trinketry, wax flowers, and kindred atrocities. A Normandy shrine could hardly have been in worse taste, but, looking at the men who listened, one forgot the surroundings. They seem so desperately in earnest, as they rocked to and fro, and lamented. The manner of the Maulvis' preaching varied as much as their audiences. One man, austere, rugged-featured, and filthily clad, had sat down upon a shop-board in a side-alley and his small congregation were almost entirely provincial. He preached literally, as the spirit moved him, and whatever Power may have come upon him held, and shook his body. The Jats made no sign. Only one small child ran up and put his hand upon the preacher's knee, unterrified by the working face and the torrent of words.

Elsewhere, five massive wooden bedsteads had been piled one above the other to make a *mimbar* for one who read from a book. He was a strikingly handsome man, level in his speech and philosophical, it seemed, in his arguments. A dirty sheet had been thrown over the uppermost bedstead and by some sport of chance had draped itself "into great laps and folds of sculptor's work" perfect and solid, so that the preacher looked as though he had been newly taken out of a fresco in a certain palace by the water. In the lowest bedstead several children, wearied with the weight of their turbans and ornaments, slept peacefully, turning a little in their sleep as the voice of the preacher rose above its normal pitch.

Yet another *chabil* was filled by quite a different sort of person—a smiling, smooth-featured Haji, who moved his hands gently and persuasively, to



beckon people up the path of good living. He was evidently the local Talmage. He sat in a flower and pot-plant decorated verandah, on a handsome carpet, with stretched cloths above his head. All classes had come to hear him, from the chaprassi to the native gentleman who owned a horse. Just across the road, Jezebel in all the insolent affluence of beauty bedecked with *lon* and *tikkah* looked out of the window to listen, and into a recess below the

window the chaprassi hoisted his blear-eyed, shrivelled mother, old and hideous as Gagool, that she might be clear of the crowd. Jezebel dropped the hand that supported her chin and as it fell, it touched the head of the chaprassi's mother and there rested,

It was a curious picture, one that remained longest in the mind after the crush and smother and blaze of the last night of the Moharram.

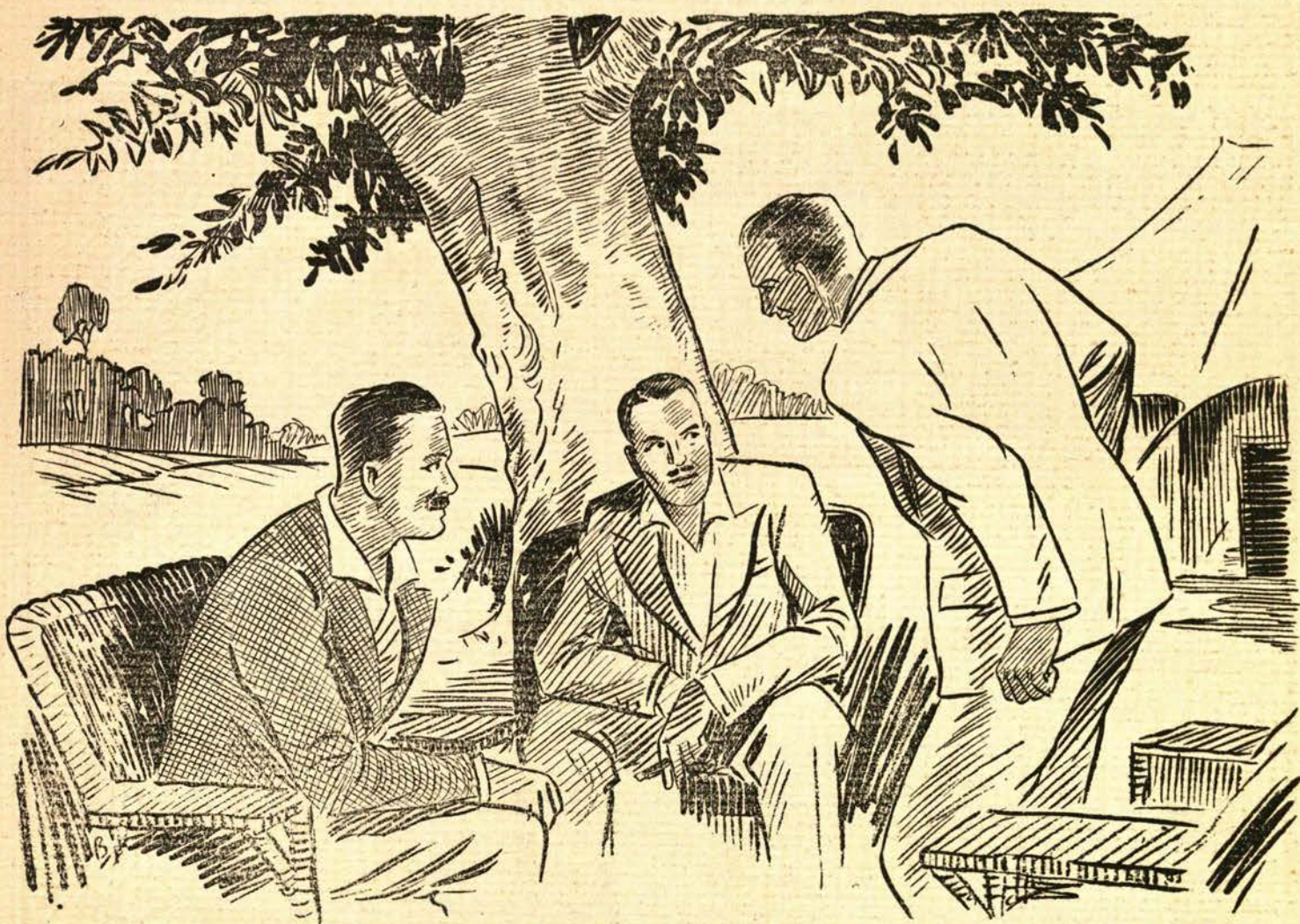


The Strange God.



# THE SLAVE OF THE SERPENT

By  
Lanolf



Henderson leapt to his feet.

*"Don't juggle with a thousand clues,  
Working your brain over-time  
To build up an hypothesis—  
You are merely wasting time ;  
You must understand the motive  
If you want to solve the crime."*

**I** HAVE never been able to discover exactly what kept Henderson out in this country. He was one of those people about whom nobody seems to know anything definite, except that he is seen everywhere, known in every club, and recognised as an authority on all forms of shikar.

If he was asked what he did with himself out here, he would evade the question with a vague generalisation.

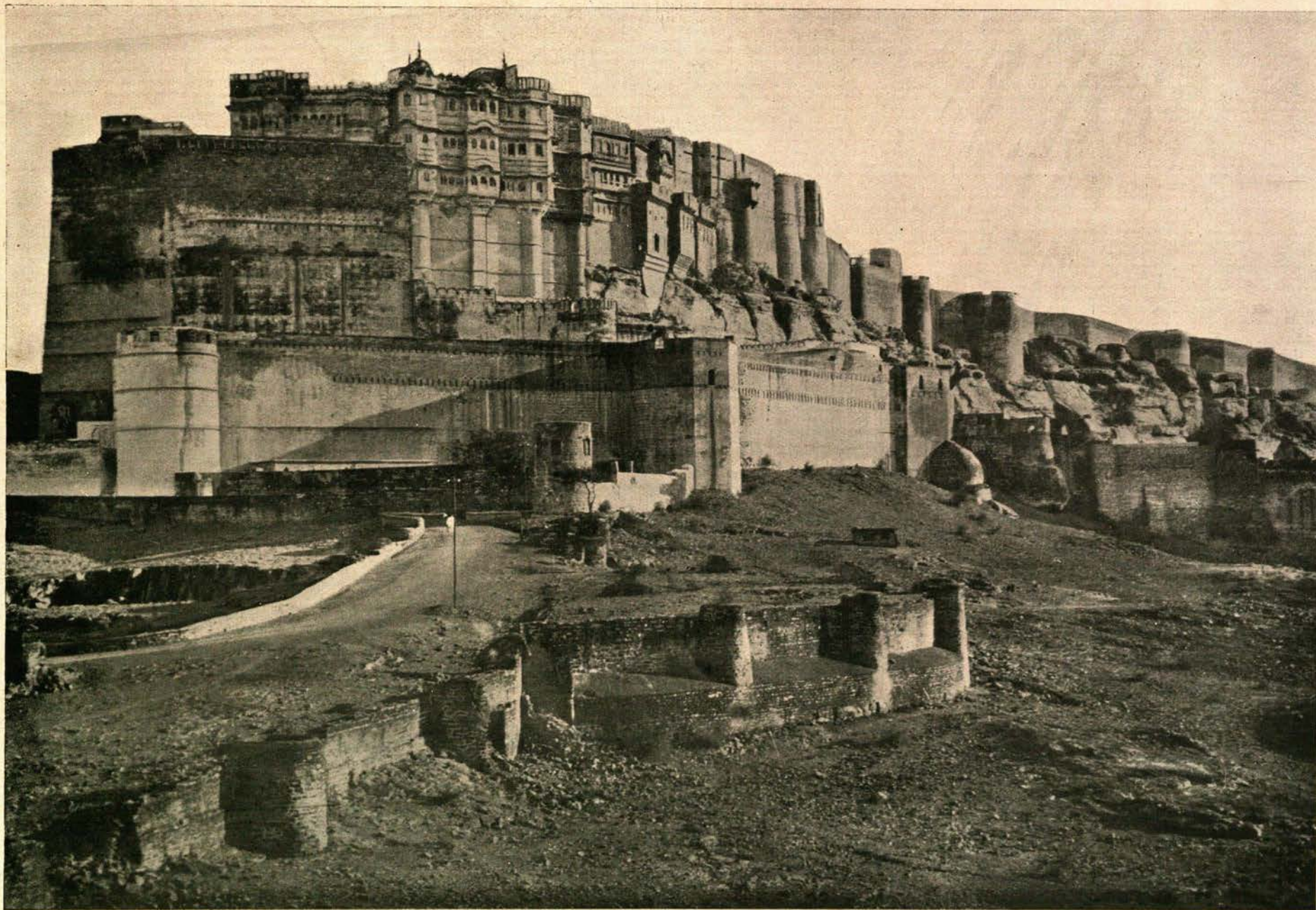
"Oh, I just do the odd spot of work every now and then, you know," he would say, in that joking manner, which left one just as much in the dark

as ever. I only once saw him really pressed for an answer, but at the psychological moment some friend came up and claimed him for the fourth at Bridge, and so we never discovered the mystery. He was always a mystery, and I suppose he always will be. One thing was quite certain about him, however; he was an excellent shikari, and was quite the most observant man I have ever met. He never said very much, but his mind took in everything his eyes saw; while his knowledge of India and her ways was miraculously complete.

It was several years ago now, that I was spending my Christmas leave with him in the jungles of the Central Provinces.

That was a most momentous leave for me, because, entirely owing to Henderson's jungle-lore, I had the luck to bag three tigers in the ten days at my disposal. But possibly the most interesting thing of the whole outing was the murder of Khushhal Singh.





JODHPUR FORT

A striking view from the North West



Henderson and I were sitting outside our tents one morning, having returned from an unsuccessful "gloom," and were discussing our plans for the evening's shoot; when a voice hailed us from the village which lay a little distance below our camp, and we saw an Englishman riding towards us.

He dismounted, throwing the reins over the neck of the pony, which promptly began to graze. As he walked into the camp, I saw that he was a young policeman, and, for a man in an outlying district, extremely smartly turned out. He was a clean-limbed, well set-up youth with an open frank face, that one could not help liking at once.

He saluted Henderson, who was the elder of us, and asked: "Are you Major Henderson, by any chance?"

Henderson rose from his chair. "Come and sit down and have a cheroot, and then tell me how you know my name."

The policeman took a cheroot from the box, and sat down in the vacant camp chair.

"Well, sir," he said, after drawing a few puffs, "I hope you won't mind my butting in on you like this; but I heard you were in this district, and so I came over to see if I could find you, as I very much want your help."

Henderson leaned back in his chair, and clasped his hands behind his head. "What's the trouble?"

The policeman moved his chair into the deep shade of the banyan tree, and removed his helmet. He smoothed his hair back with his hand, and smiling whimsically he said: "As a matter of fact, sir, I'm just about stuck. I happen to be the policeman in this district, and early this morning I received a call to a village of Tasimbli, which is about five miles from here. It's a murder case.

"A young, and apparently quite harmless young fellow, named Khushhal Singh was stuck in the back, with a knife, last night, and I was sent for, to hang up the culprit. I can't make it out at all. I found the corpse this morning, lying inside his hut, with his wife screaming and yelling like a thing possessed; but the only sense I could get out of her was that somebody or something of the name of Tlen had ordered the murder, 'Hullo, sir, do you know anything about this?'"

Henderson had sat up, when he heard this, and was listening intently to the young policeman's story. Then he lay back.

"Never mind about that; get on with your yarn."

"It seems as if Khushhal Singh's wife was called out of her hut last night by the wife of one, Balwant Rai, a rich bania in the village, to ask for the loan of a little 'ghi,' as she had run short and wanted to make a *chuppatti* or two. She stood talking to Khushhal Singh's wife for about five minutes, and then, just as the woman Devi, Khushhal Singh's wife, went into her house to fetch the stuff, she heard a scream, and Devi came rushing out screaming blue murder that her husband had been

killed. There the man was, lying on the floor with a knife stuck in his back.

"I have questioned all the villagers, but they know nothing about it, so they say, and heard nothing; but Devi keeps chattering madly about this Tlen having ordered the killing. So I have arrested her but I don't think she had anything to do with it really."

"And the Balwant Rai woman?" asked Henderson quietly, his gaze fixed on a vulture that was wheeling high above us.

The policeman stared. "The Balwant Rai woman?" Henderson leapt to his feet. "Gallop back to Tasimbli, arrest Balwant Rai, never mind on what charge; put a guard on their house, and the house of the late lamented Khushhal Singh—you've got a posse of police with you I suppose? Right, I'll follow as soon as I can." He turned to me. "You coming? I think this is going to be instructive, and will give you some more copy for those trashy yarns of yours." I swallowed the taunt, and followed him.

\* \* \* \* \*

We arrived at the village of Tasimbli in just under the hours, and were directed to the house of Khushhal Singh by the policeman who met us just outside the main street. The house lay a little way apart from the remaining buildings, and was a small mud hut with one door, and one small room.

There, on the floor, lay the gruesome figure of Khushhal Singh a long knife sticking out of his back. Henderson knelt down and turned the body over. He inspected it carefully, and then stood up, and asked for Devi, the wife of Khushhal Singh. She arrived, handcuffed, and moaning with terror.

Henderson turned to the policeman. "Do you mind if we have those bracelets off?" he asked. "I don't think they are really necessary, and anyhow she won't speak while she's got them on."

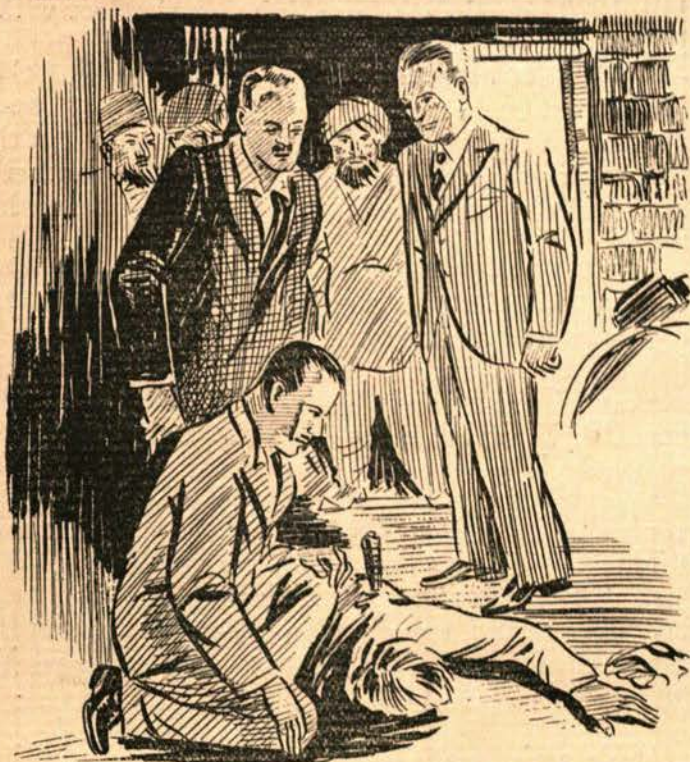
The policeman gave the order, and a police sergeant unlocked the handcuffs, and took them off her wrists. She fell at the feet of Henderson, and grasped his ankles. "Protector of the Poor, have mercy upon me. I know nothing of the death of my husband."

"Listen, Devi, wife of Khushhal Singh," said he, "I want to ask you a question. I know very well that you did not murder your husband; but what I want to know is this. When the wife of Balwant Rai called you, and you went out, where were you standing? Come and show me the exact spot."

The woman rose and moved lifelessly outside the house.

She stood, with her back to the door, about fifteen paces from the house. "Lord of my life, it was here. I stood here in the dark, and talked to the woman, the wife of Balwant Rai. She asked me for some 'ghi' and when I went to fetch it from my house, I found my husband dead. Ai! Tlen ka hukm, that Tlen ka hukm."





There, on the floor, lay the gruesome figure of Khushhal Singh.

She began to scream and beat her breast at the memory that was wracking her.

"Right!" said Henderson, "Now take me to the house of Balwant Rai, the bania." We all moved off to a most pretentious house; standing apart, at the end of the village. A policeman moved away from the door, and allowed us to enter. Henderson went in, and then called for a lantern. A light was quickly brought by the trembling lambardar, and we followed Henderson inside.

He looked round the first room and then moved into the inner chamber. There was a small niche in the wall at the far end, with marks of soot on the wall above; where candles were evidently burnt to some goddling. Henderson went up to this at once.

He picked up two things off the niche, and put them in his pocket. Then he took a piece of paper from his pocket and scraped something off the floor of the shelf, wrapped it up and put that, too into his pocket.

He called to the policeman. "You may charge Balwant Rai with the murder of the man, Kushhal Singh, and arrest his wife on the charge of aiding and abetting the murder. I'll explain later."

And with that we returned to our camp.

\* \* \* \* \*

About an hour later the policeman turned up. He told us that Balwant Rai had made a full confession, and that he had persuaded his wife to decoy Devi from the house, while he slipped in by the door, and killed her husband, Kushhal Singh.

"But what defeats me, sir, is the motive. And how on earth you knew it was Balwant Rai who had committed the murder?"

Henderson smiled.

"Have a drink; I think we deserve one after all this. Here, Abdullah, pine-ke-chiz lao."

When we had all got our whisky. Henderson lay back in his chair.

"You must understand the motive if you want to solve the crime," said he, "and in this case, the motive was very obscure except for the clue of the 'order of the Tlen.' Years ago, so the legend runs, there was a monstrous snake, called the Tlen. It ruled a sect called the Khasis, and its rite was human sacrifice. Many foul murders were committed to satisfy this reptile, until one day some brave young fellow thrust a ball of red-hot iron into its mouth, so that it died. He cut up the corpse, and sent pieces round to all the villages, telling the people that they must eat it. Whichever village ate a piece of Tlen was freed from the bondage of the Slavery of the Tlen. But one village failed to obey his instructions, and from that one uneaten piece of Tlen, are supposed to have arisen many smaller Tlens. Telengas are people to whom these Tlens attach themselves, and they become very rich and prosperous, according to native superstition, so long as they provide human blood, ever so often, to this Ghost-snake. The blood is collected from the chosen victim in a small bamboo tube, and the finger nails and hair of the corpse are cut with silver scissors, and offered at the same time.

"Directly you mentioned that this woman Devi had talked about the Order of the Tlen, I guessed that this was what was happening. When I inspected the corpse, I knew that it was the case, because the finger nails of Khushhal Singh had been clipped. And in the clipping, the flesh of the fingers had been cut; so it was obvious that Khushhal Singh had not cut them himself.

"The story of Balwant Rai's wife seemed rather to connect with the case, so we went there. In that house, in that little niche in the wall, I found these."

He pulled from his pocket, a pair of silver scissors, and a small bamboo tube.

"In this tube you will find congealed blood, not so old. Also the scissors have been recently used, as you can see by the marks on the blades."

The policeman took them and examined them. "But, sir, that does not prove that he used them on Khushhal Singh."

"No," said Henderson, "It doesn't. But these do."

He untwisted the piece of paper he had in his hand, and there were the nail chippings, and a lock of Khushhal Singh's hair.

"I must congratulate you, young fellow," said Henderson, "on handling the case so efficiently, and I hope your seniors soon give you promotion. All I ask is that you don't mention my name in this case; but I see you know that is my rule."

But I never discovered why that was Henderson's rule; but anyhow that doesn't concern this tale.



Another wave of the wand and the pixies vanished.

\* \* \* \*

Then the Queen turned to the fairies and, with a very sweet smile, said she was ready to hear their reports. The Roses stood up and curtsied. Their leader came close to the throne and, having made another curtsy, began:

"May it please Your Majesty, we have been looking after the children's ward in the big hospital. It is a long room with big windows and lots of pretty pictures on the walls. Down each side are little white beds, and in the middle is a big stove. By each bed is a small table; and, in the daytime, there are nearly always flowers on them. In each bed is a little sick child. Some are very ill. Some suffer terrible pain. Some just lie still and seem to feel nothing. Your Majesty must know that, in the hospital, they don't call the little ones by their names; each one is known by the number painted up over the bed. Most of them think it great fun to be called a number instead of a name.

"The day we got there, 20 was in great distress. She had been knocked down by a motor car, and her right leg had had to be cut off. When night came, she could not sleep, but lay crying her pretty eyes out. We went out and brought a moonbeam in through the window. We rested one end of it on her bed, and used it as a magic lantern. In this way we managed to show her lots of jolly pictures, lambs playing in the fields, little birds being fed in their nests and children at play. Last of all, we showed her a little girl, very like herself, playing ball, running about and helping her mother put a tiny baby to bed. Then we let her see the same little girl going to bed. She, too, had only one leg, the other was a wooden one. It was a lovely one with a shoe and a stocking on it; and it had joints and could do everything almost like a real

one. While she was looking at this picture, we sang our lullaby and her eyes shut and she went to sleep. As the moonbeam strayed up her bed to have a last peep at her, he saw such a happy smile on her face.

"15 was a little boy who had been terribly burnt by a fall into the fire. His hands and arms were covered with burns. They throbbed and smarted so, he simply could not bear it. The poor wee man tried so hard not to cry, but the tears would come and he could not stop them. We took his burns, one by one, put our hands on them and gradually drew the pain out. We think he knew we were there, because when 'Night Sister' came to him, he whispered to her: 'The dear fairies are taking all the nasty pain away.'

"When all the pain had gone, we sang a little good-night song to him, and he too went to sleep. Most of the others were not very bad, and when we whispered nice dreams into their ears they went off into the Land of Nod."

The Queen smiled happily all the Roses. "You have done well," she said, "You have helped the sick in their hour of need. As a reward, I appoint you all my 'Rose Dames.' From now on you shall wear moss green capes."

The Rose Dames curtsied and withdrew, and their places were taken by the Lilies. The leader began her tale. "May it please Your Majesty," she said, "we have been helping those children who have no mothers. Oh, Your Majesty, they are so brave and good. One little girl, called Iris, has two little sisters of three and four to look after all day long. She washes and dresses them and gives them all their meals. She gets so tired and tries so hard not to be cross with them when they are naughty. When their father comes home, she always says: 'Oh, Daddy, we've been so happy and the tiny lots have been so good.'

"We heard her ask her Daddy one day if he knew any little

songs for her to sing to the little ones. He said no, he did not know any; so we taught her some. We also showed her how to make washing, dressing and having meals into jolly games. The tiny tots did not know why they had to be washed, nor why their hair had to be brushed and combed. No one had told them that the Dustman comes at bedtime and shakes the fairy dust into their eyes to make them go to sleep. How could they understand that, unless it was washed away in the morning, they would stay sleepy all day. No one had warned them that the bad gnomes use the tangles in their hair to hide in, nor told them that if their hair is nice and smooth, the fairies play with it and make it nice and curly.

"These and many other little things we taught the poor motherless babes. May it please Your Majesty, they all seem to be much happier now."

The Queen clapped her hands; "Dear Lilies," she said, "you have also done well. You have brought happiness to the poor orphans. As you have worked so well together, you shall always work in clusters and be known as my 'Lilies of the Valley.' Your badge shall be sprays of your name-sakes twined in your hair."

\* \* \* \*

The Lilies of the Valley having thanked the Queen, curtsied and withdrew. The Sweetpeas were the next. Their leader made a deep curtsy and began: "May it please Your Majesty, our duty was to help the very poor children, those who never have any toys to play with, and very often have nothing to eat. They all looked so sad and thin that we did not know what to do for them. All one night we sat and thought how best we could help them. Then the Moon said to us: 'I am very old and wise. My advice is this. Teach the little ones how to play and they will



not mind being hungry nearly so much."

"We thanked him and started off. We taught them to play with sunbeams and talk to them. They loved that game and soon began to ask them questions. Oh, Your Majesty, you would have loved to see them when the kind old Sun told them about some of the places he shines on, the green fields, the hedges, the lovely wild flowers, the birds and the big big sea. At night the moon used to peep in and whisper dreams of hay fields, sandy beaches and snug farmhouses. The children gradually grew happier and happier; only when they were very hungry and cold they could not help crying; all the nice and pretty things in the world seemed such a long way off. Gracious Queen, we have done our best, and now we pray you to show us how we may yet do something more to help these unhappy little ones.

"My dear Sweetpeas," the Queen replied, "I am very pleased with all you have done. One day, while you were at work, I went to visit the Sun. He told me how hard you were trying to help the poor hungry wee mites. I made up my mind to do something myself. I went, at night, to a human princess and showed her all these children in a dream. The very next day she went down to see them herself, and found out all about them. She has promised to take them away into the country and look after them; so they will not be hungry nor unhappy any more. As a mark of my approval of your work, you shall be my own 'Royal Sweetpeas' and, to mark you out from all others, the petals of your dresses shall be frilled instead of plain."

\* \* \* \*

The Royal Sweetpeas curtsied down to the ground and went back to their places. It was now the turn of the Canterbury Bells. They came forward, made

their curtsies and their leader told their tale. "May it please Your Majesty," she began, "we were sent to help the children of the rich. We found them living in big houses with nice play rooms and beautiful gardens. They seemed to have just everything they could possibly want. Although they did not seem to be really happy, we could not think of any way to help them; they hardly seemed to need our aid.

"Our task was, even then not easy. The rich are so used to seeing pretty things that they do not notice them. In the daytime their rooms are so bright that sunbeams can hardly be seen. At night the heavy blinds and curtains shut out the moonbeams. At last the red fire fairy came to our aid. 'I will show them pictures in my flames,' he said 'and they can learn to hear my voice.'

"After that it was quite easy. The rich children learnt all about the very poor ones. They pitied them and very soon began to love them. In one big house the children gave up having cakes for tea, and sent the money that was usually spent on them to a human princess who sent poor children to live in the country. Another family sent half their pocket money, and another half their toys. Three little rich girls found out three very poor ones and shared all their good things with them. Now when they go to sleep,

the Evening Star takes them to see the poor children they have helped to make happy. Your Majesty, we know it is all thanks to the beautiful stars, but we are so glad to be able to tell you that the rich little ones are themselves happy and sing and smile all day long."

The Queen, too, looked very happy as she said: "You have been both wise and good. You have fed hungry hearts with love, and brought them joy. In future you shall be known as 'The Queen's Joy Bells.' As a sign of my loving thanks, your petals shall be touched with the blue of the starlit sky."

When "The Queen's Joy Bells" had gone back to their places, one and all gathered round the throne and began to dance and sing. I could not hear the words of their song, but the tune was very sweet. It grew gradually softer and softer until the last faint whisper died away; at the same moment the fairies vanished.



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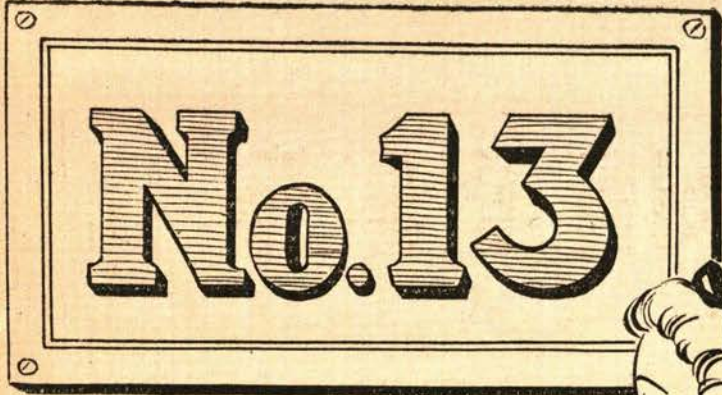
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By  
R.M.U.



MITH turned round in bed and thought longingly of the new Edgar Wallace in his suit-case.

This failure of the electric current plunging the whole hotel into darkness was distinctly annoying. It was unpleasantly warm too without the fan breeze. Should he go out on the verandah and get a breath of air?

He shuddered at the very idea. When the lights went out he had left the reading room and stumbled along an interminable length of verandah with the aid of his electric torch. Near his room the powerful little beam of light had revealed a sight which horrified Smith's modest bachelor soul. A girl in flame-coloured silk pyjamas leant smoking against the verandah rail, a fierce-looking Alsatian lying curled up at her bare feet. Snapping off his torch with a trembling finger Smith had rushed into the safety of his room, No. 13.

Smith sat up in bed. Perhaps the girl had departed to her room and he would have the verandah to himself. He shook his head and settled himself in an attempt to sleep. The risk was too great and anyhow, he would be in the cool of Srinagar, the next night.

He heard the handle of his door rattle violently and

remembered that he had forgotten to lock it in his flight from the flame-coloured pyjamas. The door was thrown open and a gay voice called.

"Come along, Mary Ann. We can't spend the night on the verandah."

Someone paused on the threshold and leisurely lighting a cigarette, announced to the world in general.

"What a blinking nuisance. This is my last gasper and my last match."

Smith lay in the bed incapable of movement or speech. That awful girl and that great brute of a dog were in his room.

The door was shut and bolted, and the gay voice continued.

"Now Mary Ann, there is a chair in the corner by the door if I remember rightly. I wish the lights would come on. One never knows what one might walk into when it's dark like this."

Desperately Smith tried to speak, to shout, to leap from the bed as the horror of the situation dawned on him. Most hotel bedrooms are identical in the arrangement of furniture, and there was a chair in the corner by the door in Smith's room and he had hung his clothes over the back of it.

Apparently the owner of the voice had found the chair for

the sound of groping movements ceased and he could see the glow of her cigarette in the darkness by the door. Smith felt the perspiration trickle down his face. What could he do? Where were his torch and dressing-gown? Cautiously he raised himself on one elbow and prepared to leap to the door and rush out into the compound, anywhere, and leave the girl and the dog in possession of his room.

A menacing growl sounded near the bed and Smith dropped flat on his back.

"Don't be such an ass, Mary Ann. Come here," said the charming voice.

The dog's eyes shone green in the dark and Smith cowered against the pillows. With a little shock he realised that the unwelcome visitor was speaking of him.

"Dog of my heart, I wonder if the shy man next door in No. 13 would lend me a tin of gaspers and a box of matches?"

Mary Ann made no suitable reply and the girl continued.

"Wasn't it perfectly sweet the way he staggered and fell into his room at the sight of three adorable pyjamas? Too Arkish."

A low chuckle, and Smith wriggled with a sense of impotence. Should he try and escape by the bathroom? A suspicious growl, and he decided to remain where he was for the present.

"D'you know, Mary Ann, he seemed rather nice, that she man and I noticed at dinner that he shares my dislike of quails. There was an expression of utter loathing on his face when he peeped into the dish and saw those birds with their pathetic little beaks and staring eyes."

Mary Ann sniffed loudly and Smith speculated feverishly as to her exact position in the room.

"And Mary Ann, I'm sure that divine grey saloon car in the porch must belong to him. Now, if only you and I were continuing our journey to Srinagar in such a car to-morrow,





"You're in the wrong room," he stated somewhat unnecessarily.

instead of jolting along in a taxi!"

Smith fancied he heard a slight sigh.

"You'd better park yourself somewhere. Mary Ann, I'm going to get into bed."

Smith went hot and cold in turn, his face was streaming with perspiration and his tongue seemed to have stuck permanently to the roof of his mouth.

"Er..." he managed to gasp.

"What did you say, Mary Ann? I think I'll see if the jolly old current is on again. The switch must be behind the door."

There was a sharp click, the room was flooded with light and Smith shut his eyes. A long, oppressive silence, and then the girl exclaimed in astonishment.

"Good Lord, there seems to be some mistake somewhere!"

Smith opened one eye and

then the other. He met Mary Ann's ferocious stare and hastily closed them again.

"If you would please call off your-er-dog," he suggested.

Mary Ann joined the girl by the door and slipping out of bed, Smith made a stiff little bow, feeling ridiculous in his blue and white striped pyjamas.

"You're in the wrong room," he stated somewhat unnecessarily.

"Good heavens, isn't this No. 14?" she demanded, blinking at the sight of Smith's belongings scattered round the room.

"This is No. 13."

"Then why on earth didn't you tell me before?" The charming voice was angry and Smith, stealing a timid glance at the girl, decided that she had the most marvellous brown eyes

he'd ever seen and by Jove those flame-coloured pyjamas looked rather attractive. Blushing furiously, he stared up at the ceiling.

"I was fast asleep. Only woke when you put on the light," he lied. His gaze dropped from the ceiling.

"Oh, well, it's all right then. I thought you may have heard me talking to the dog. A very foolish habit of mine."

"I was sound asleep."

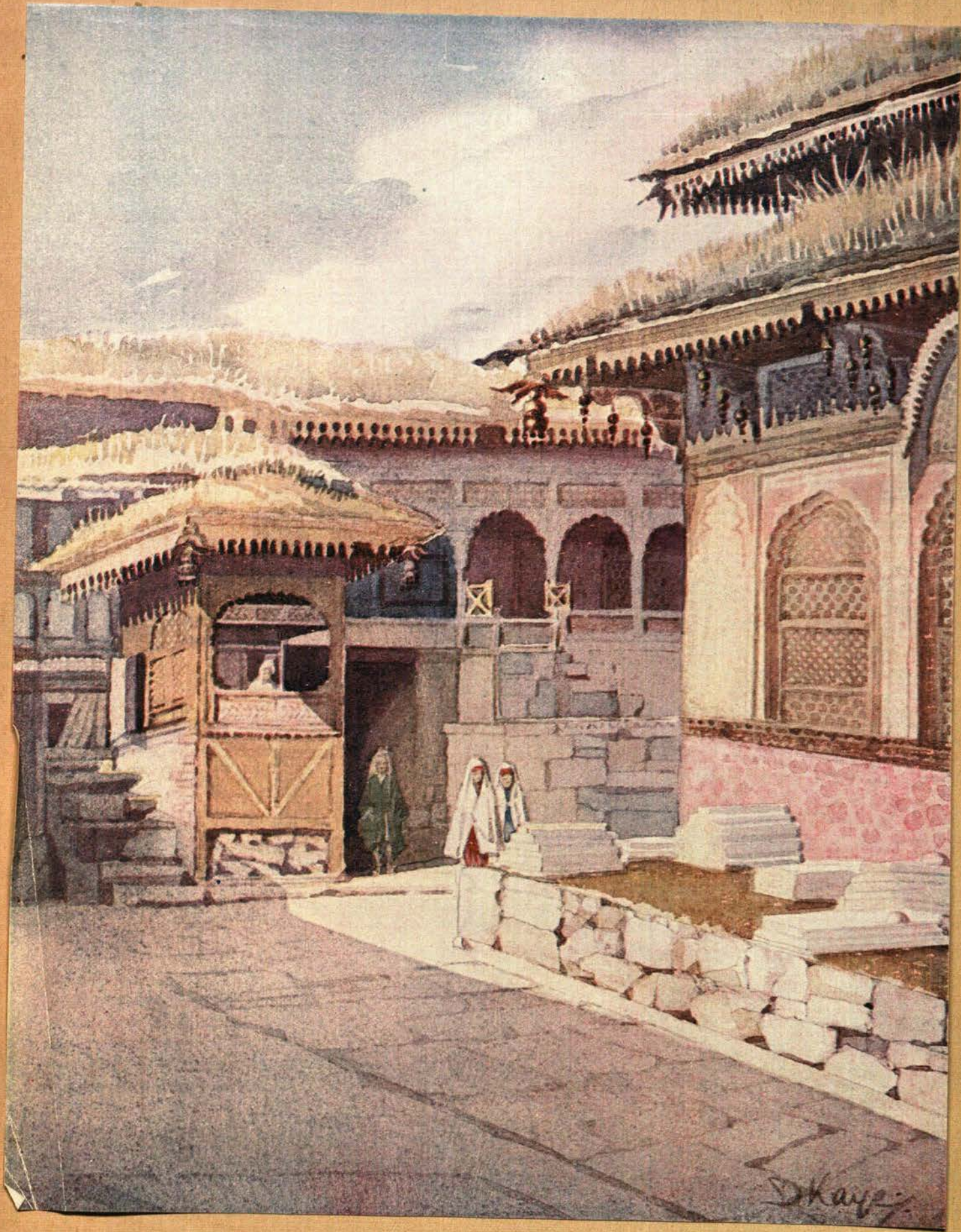
She sighed with obvious relief and opened the door.

"Good-night. Sorry and all that. Come on, Mary Ann."

Smith was suddenly inspired.

"I say,—er—would you like a lift to Srinagar to-morrow in a divine—er—grey saloon car instead of jolting along in a taxi?"





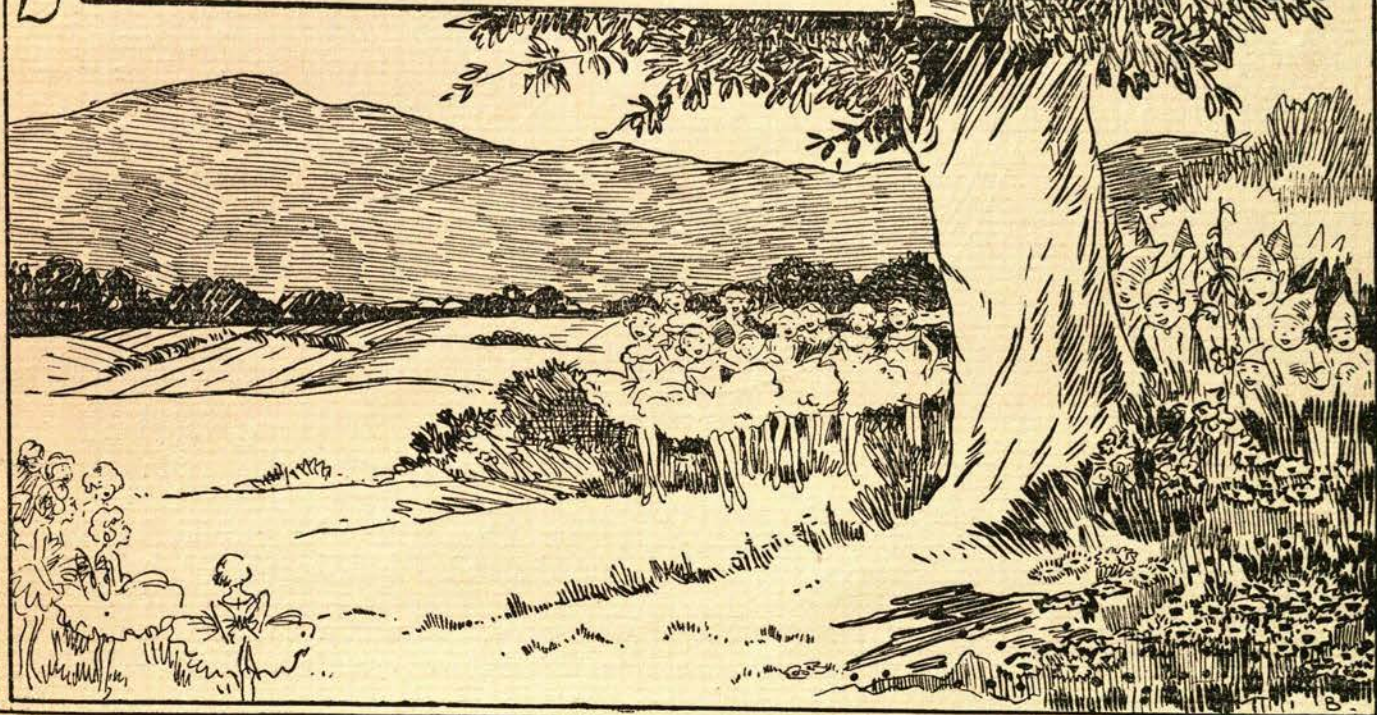
MAKHDUM SAHIB'S ZIARAT, SRINAGAR, KASHMIR

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# WHAT I SAW in the Moonlight.

BY NILOC



**H**

ERE we are at last. Now I can show you all where the fairies hold their moonlight meetings.

You see those low hills covered with tall pine trees, and that merry little stream winding its way down to the big river. Can you make out that lovely lawn, all dotted with daisies and surrounded with great clumps of dog roses? Look at the dark green of the trees, the rusty brown of their carpet of pine needles, the bonnie wee roses and, in the centre, the emerald green grass with the little yellow-eyed daisies peeping out. See the gay beams of sunlight cutting fairy paths through the branches of the trees, and making the water in the busy little stream sparkle like diamonds. There, right in the

middle of the lawn, is the fairy ring. The grass isn't dry or withered, it has only been trodden down by tiny feet dancing there.

The fairies see it all by moonlight. The wee folk only come out at night; they are very shy and hate to be disturbed by big humans. When the moon is up, the pine trees look like giant sentries guarding the ring. The wind hums its little tunes through the branches of the trees. The scent of the flowers is sweeter than in the daytime, because they always keep their best for the fairies. While the naughty pixies dance round the ring, the good fairies sit in the middle and talk over all they have done since they last met.

The "Fairy Queen" has told me I may hide myself in the bushes and watch what they do. I am

going to pay them my first visit to-morrow; and when I see you again I will tell you all about everything that goes on in the moonlight.

\* \* \* \*

I went down early to the fairy glen and took up my position behind a big clump of dog roses. I said to myself: "I will not only see and hear the fairies, but I will find out where they come from."

I thought that, in such a beautiful place, there must surely be lots of tiny paths made by their dainty feet. I kept looking round at all the ways they might come by, but I did not see a single one.

Suddenly I heard silvery little voices and there, right in front of me, were the fairies and pixies. They had not come from anywhere



at all; for at one moment I could not see one, and at the next, there they all were. They just appeared by magic.

In the middle of the ring were the tiny fairies dotted about in little groups. They all wore gossamer dresses and wings of the exact colour of the flowers and leaves. Each little party were dressed the same, so that they looked like bunches of flowers. The pixies were all in russet brown suits and caps; from each cap hung a tiny bell which tinkled as they moved. The wee brown fellows were all standing round their ring, just close enough together to be able to hold hands as they danced.

I could not see my friend the "Fairy Queen" anywhere. I kept on looking round for her, but I felt sure she would come from nowhere as all the others had done. After a minute or two, four fairies came into the middle of the ring. They were carrying something but I could not see what it was. It was only when they put it down that I saw it was a tiny throne made from the petals of a white rose. While they were arranging the throne they began to sing:

*"Our eyes are the blue of the sky  
at morn,  
Our hair is the gold of the peep of  
dawn,  
Our songs are the trills of the lark  
so gay,  
Our laugh is the sound of bells far  
away.  
Flower petals we use for our  
dresses,  
With strands of sunbeam bind  
up our tresses,  
Seed pods of the violet and  
columbine,  
Give us our shoes that so daintily  
shine.  
We are here to meet our own darling  
Queen,  
See we place Her throne on the  
fairy green."*



She was all in pale pink and green.

When they had finished, they arranged themselves in little groups round the throne. Then the pixies started such a sad little song:

*"Poor little pixies brown are we,  
As sad and glum as we can be,  
We wouldn't do as we were told,  
So the Queen just had to scold.  
We're very sorry for what we've  
done,  
We only did it just for fun,  
We won't again make babies cry,  
Nor teach wee piggies how to fly,  
We know you'd rather smile than  
frown,  
Do let us off this pixie brown."*

The singing stopped and the pixies stood there with bowed heads. All of a sudden, there was a rush of fairies to the centre of the ring . . . . . The Queen was in their midst!

She was all in pale pink and green, and looked as if her dress had been made from Moss Roses. She carried a long silver wand in her hand, and round it were twined the tiniest rosebuds I have ever seen.

Each little group of fairies now came forward in turn and curtsied. First the Roses, then the Lilies, then the Sweetpeas, and last of all the Canterbury

Bells. Her Majesty then took her seat on the beautiful white throne. The fairies arranged themselves, in pairs, according to the colour of their dresses, round the throne. All this time the pixies had remained standing still. The Queen turned to them and said:

"I am glad you have all promised to be good now. Only the good can be my fairies, the naughty must always be turned into brown pixies until they can learn to keep out of mischief."

She then divided them into four parties, and gave each a task to do. To the first

party she said: "Go to the little cottage behind the mill. A sick child is lying in bed there. She cannot get to sleep. Sit on her pillow. Sing softly to her, and stroke her eyelids until they close."

The second she told to: "Go and look for the cow that has strayed away from the old woman who lives in the little hut down by the river. Lead it back to the hut and keep it there until she wakes."

The third were told to go to Bunny Town, where the bunny rabbits live. "Guard the traps the poachers have set, and see that no poor rabbits get caught in them."

The fourth were sent to a woman whose husband had just gone on a long journey. To them the Queen said: "She is very lonely and sad. Sing to her softly and give her happy thoughts and nice dreams."

The Queen then stood up and, taking her wand in her right hand, waved it. "Carry out my commands faithfully and well," she said, "and, on your return, you shall all be my own dear fairies again."





SUNSET ON THE DAL LAKE, KASHMIR

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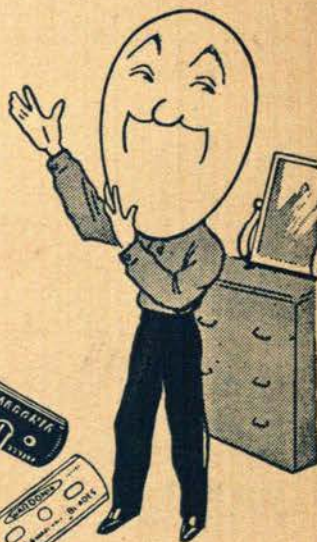
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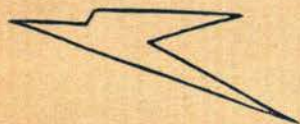


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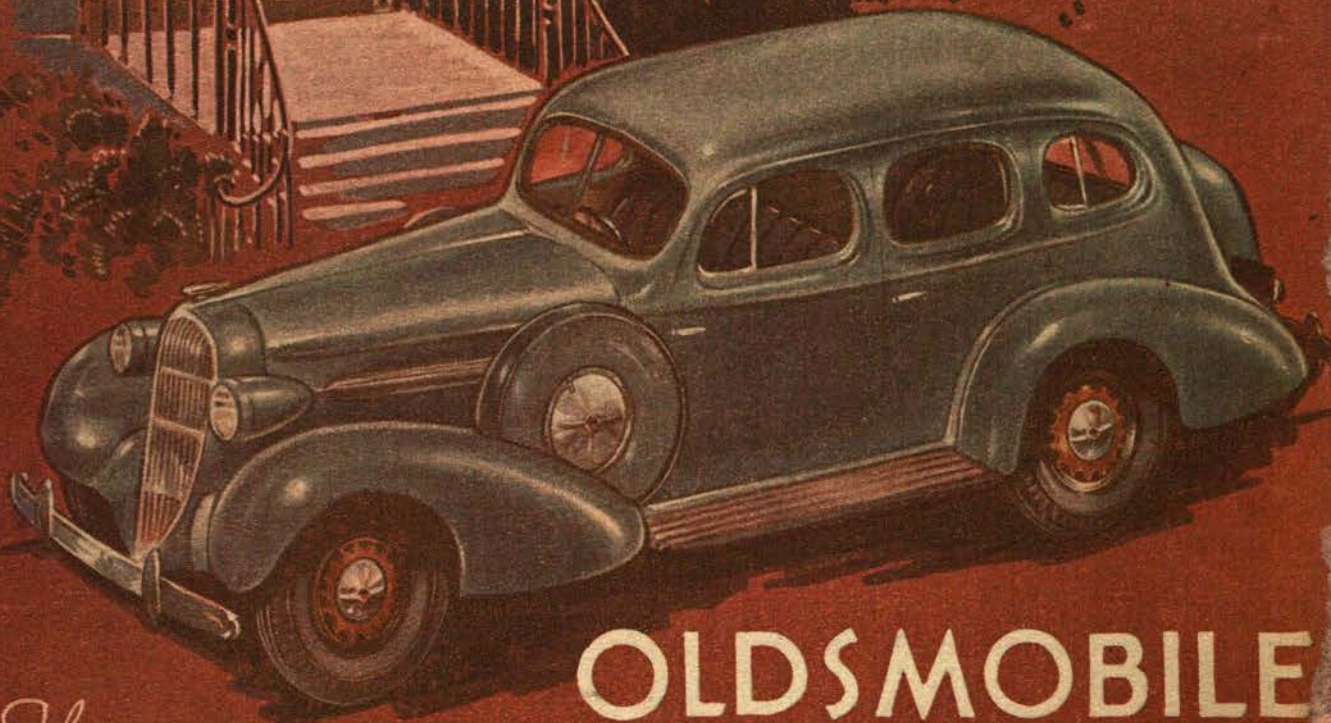
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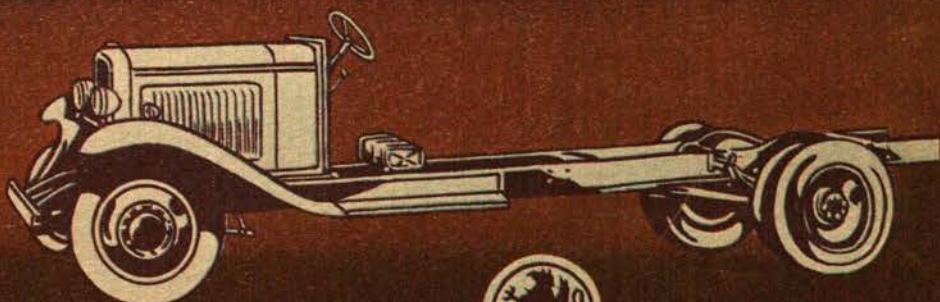


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